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NO. 2

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"THE TENANT"
NEIL KLEID
WRITER
STEVE MANNION
ARTIST
MARK LERER
LETTERER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"THE GARDEN"
FRED VAN LENTE
WRITER
MR. EXES
ARTIST
MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES
JIM SALICRUP
WRITER
RICK PARKER
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER
MARK LERER
LETTERER
STEVE MANNION
COVER ARTIST

CARICATURES DRAWN BY STEVE BRODNER
AT THE 2005 MOCCA ART FEST.

TERRY NANTIER

THE PUBLISHER

JIM SALICRUP

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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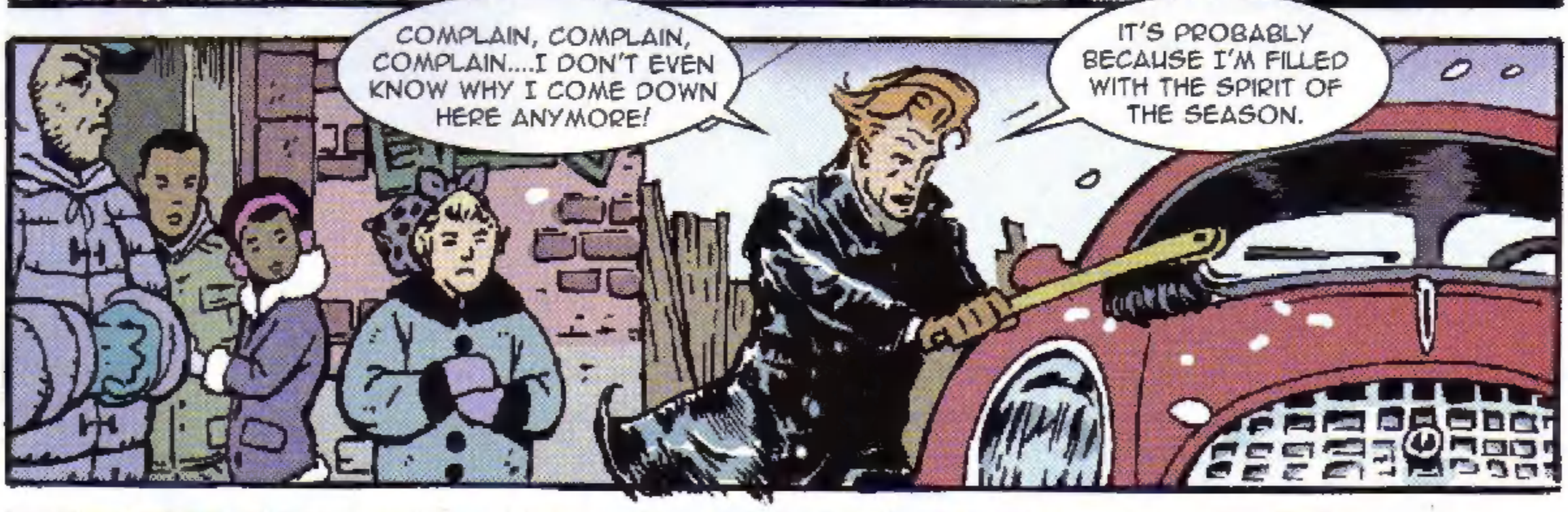
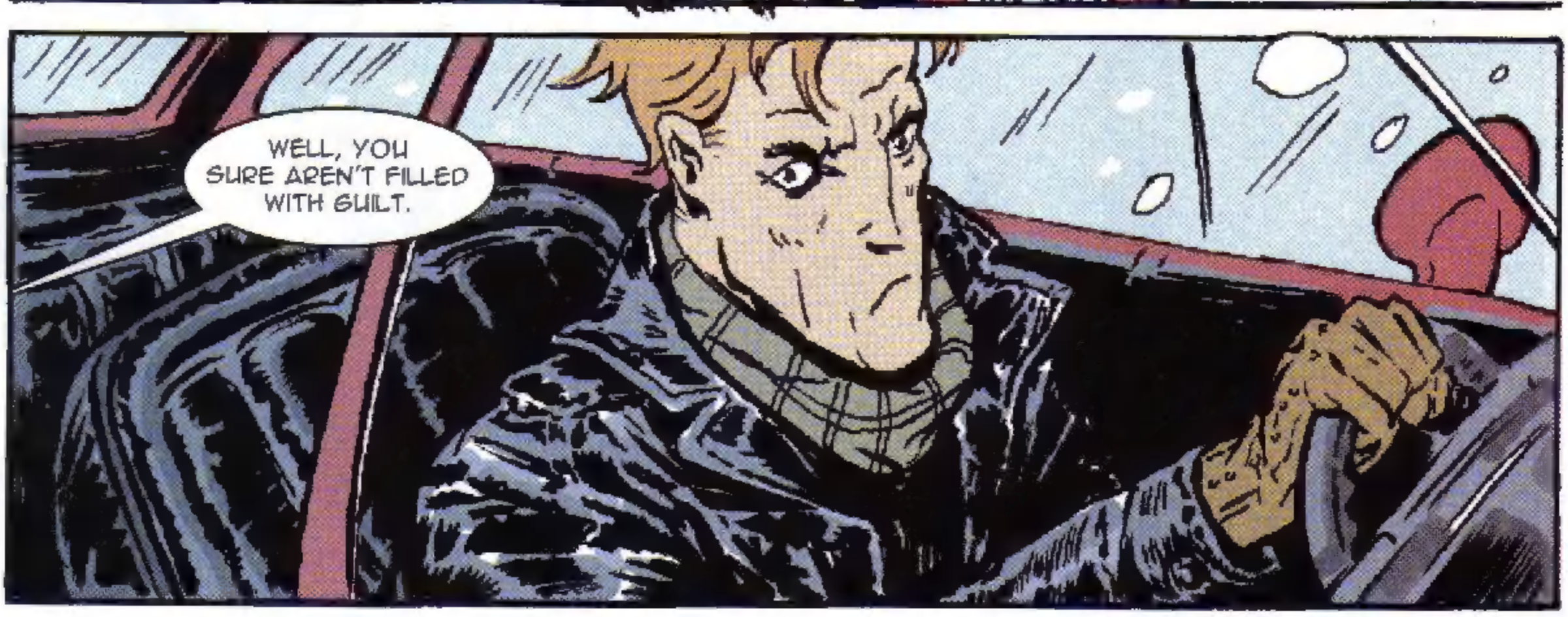
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NUMBER 613 IGER AVENUE HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.
THROUGH GRIMY WINDOWS, ITS TENANTS WATCH SNOWFLAKES COVER THE STREETS WITH A FINE, WHITE COAT, KNOWING THAT THE SNOW HERALDS A COLD THAT WON'T BE HELD BACK BY SHODDY INSULATION AND IRREGULAR BLASTS OF HEAT.
YES, LIFE AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS HARD IF YOU ASK ANYONE... ANYONE EXCEPT JAMES WINCHELL, ITS CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.
'EY! WHEN YOU GONNA FIXXA HEAT? AIN'T BEEN WORKIN' FOR DAYS!
--TWO-YEAR LEASE AND YOU WANT TO RAISE US BY THIRTY PER-CENT?
MISTER WINCHELL! WE BEEN WAITIN' ONNA NEW FRIDGE FOR A WEEK!
PEOPLE, PEOPLE--
IGER AVE.
613
MANNION

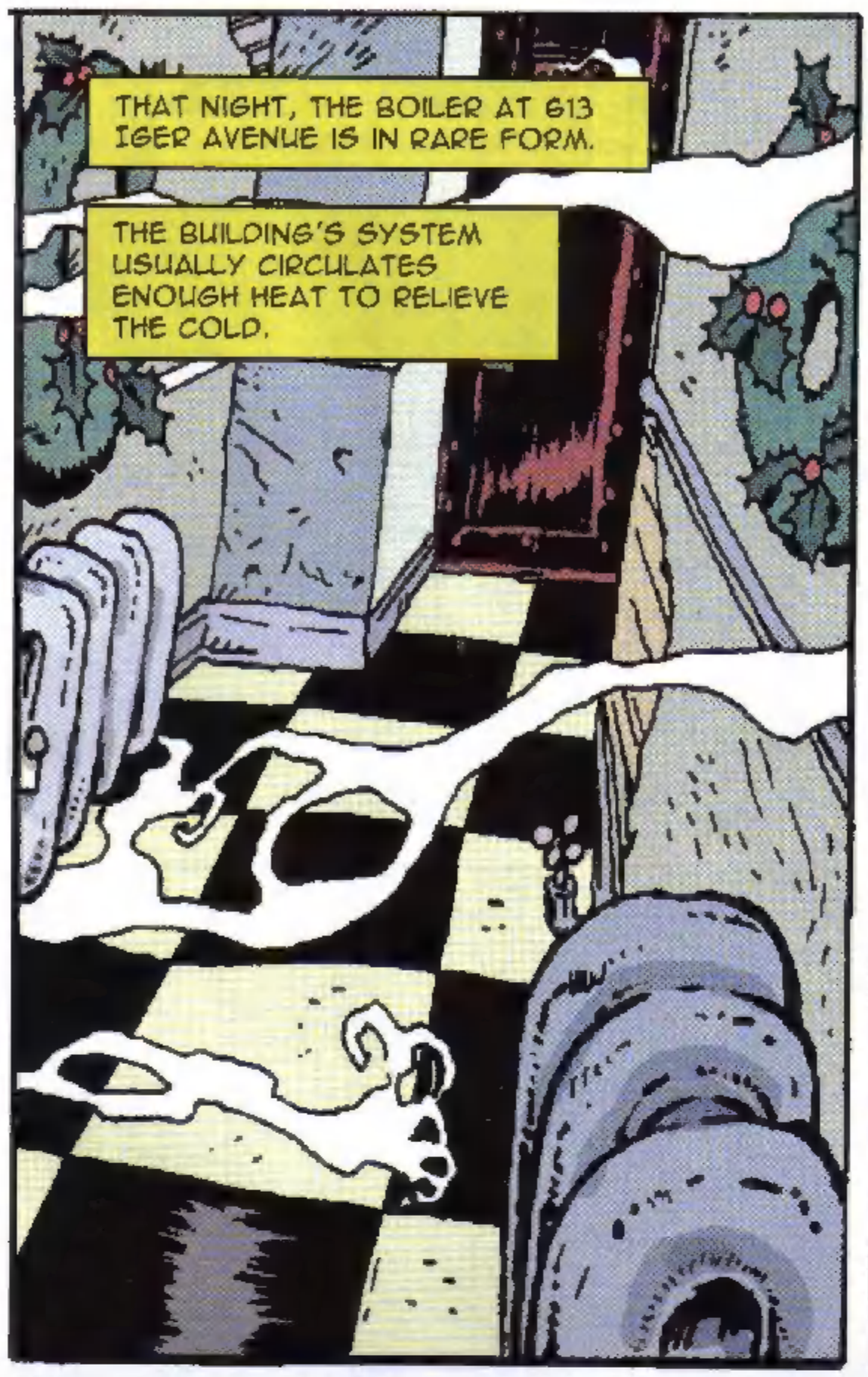
--HEYHEYHEY! TAKE IT UP WITH THE SUPER!
THE SUPER'S A LAZY BUM! HE SLEEPS ALL DAY AND BARELY LIFTS A--
HEY, LISTEN! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT--

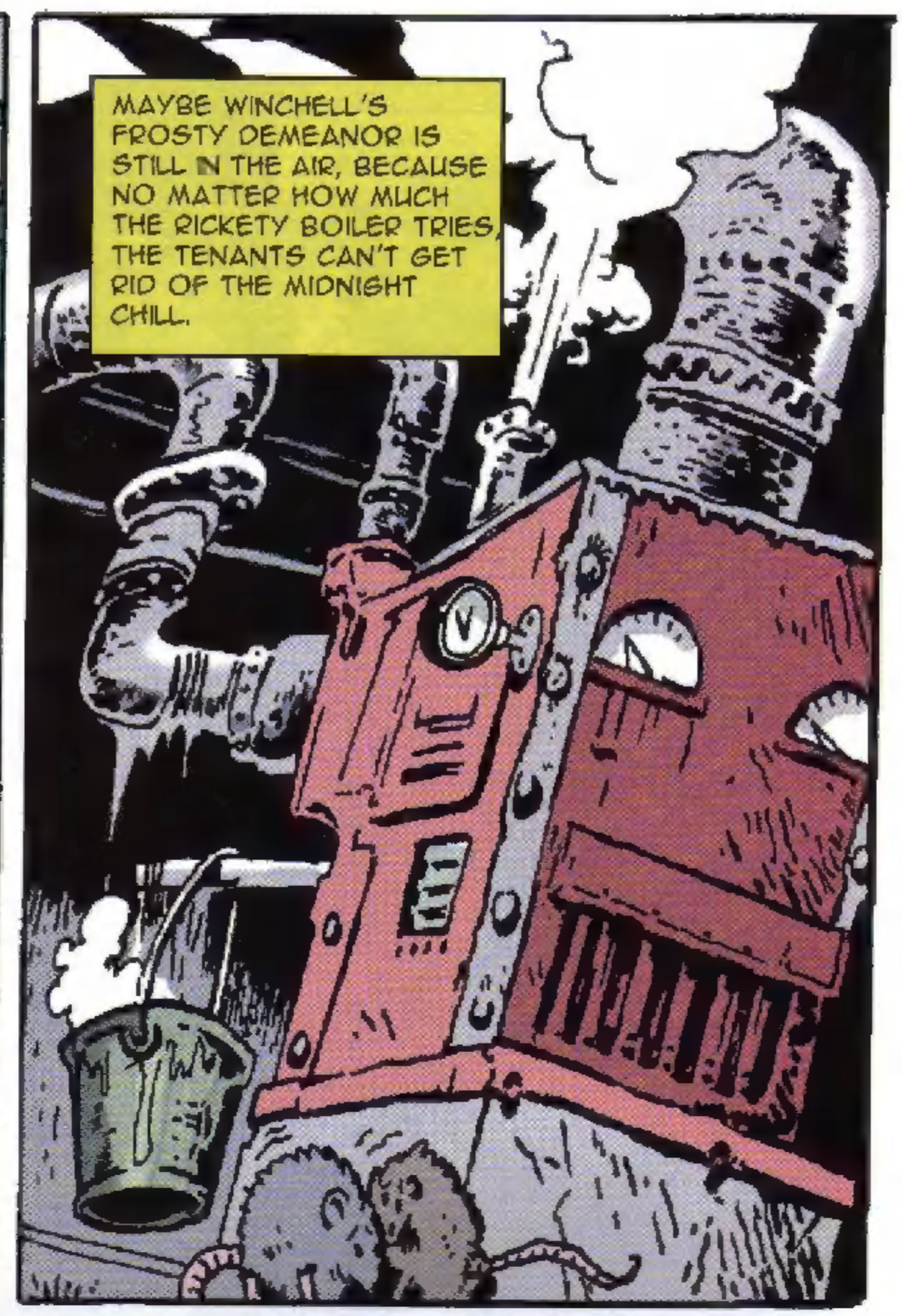
--MOVE!

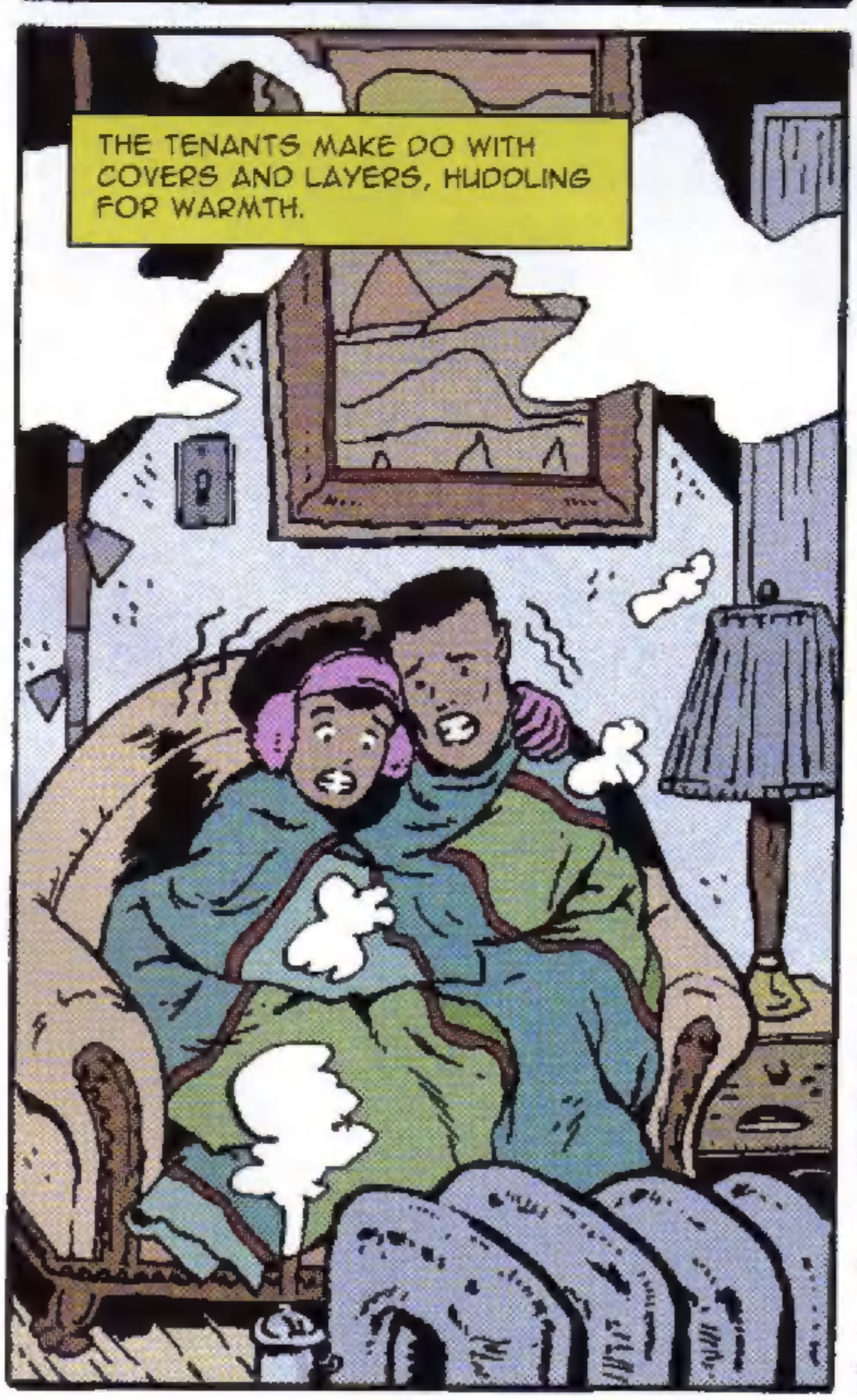

COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN....I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I COME DOWN HERE ANYMORE!
IT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE I'M FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.


WELL, YOU SURE AREN'T FILLED WITH GUILT.

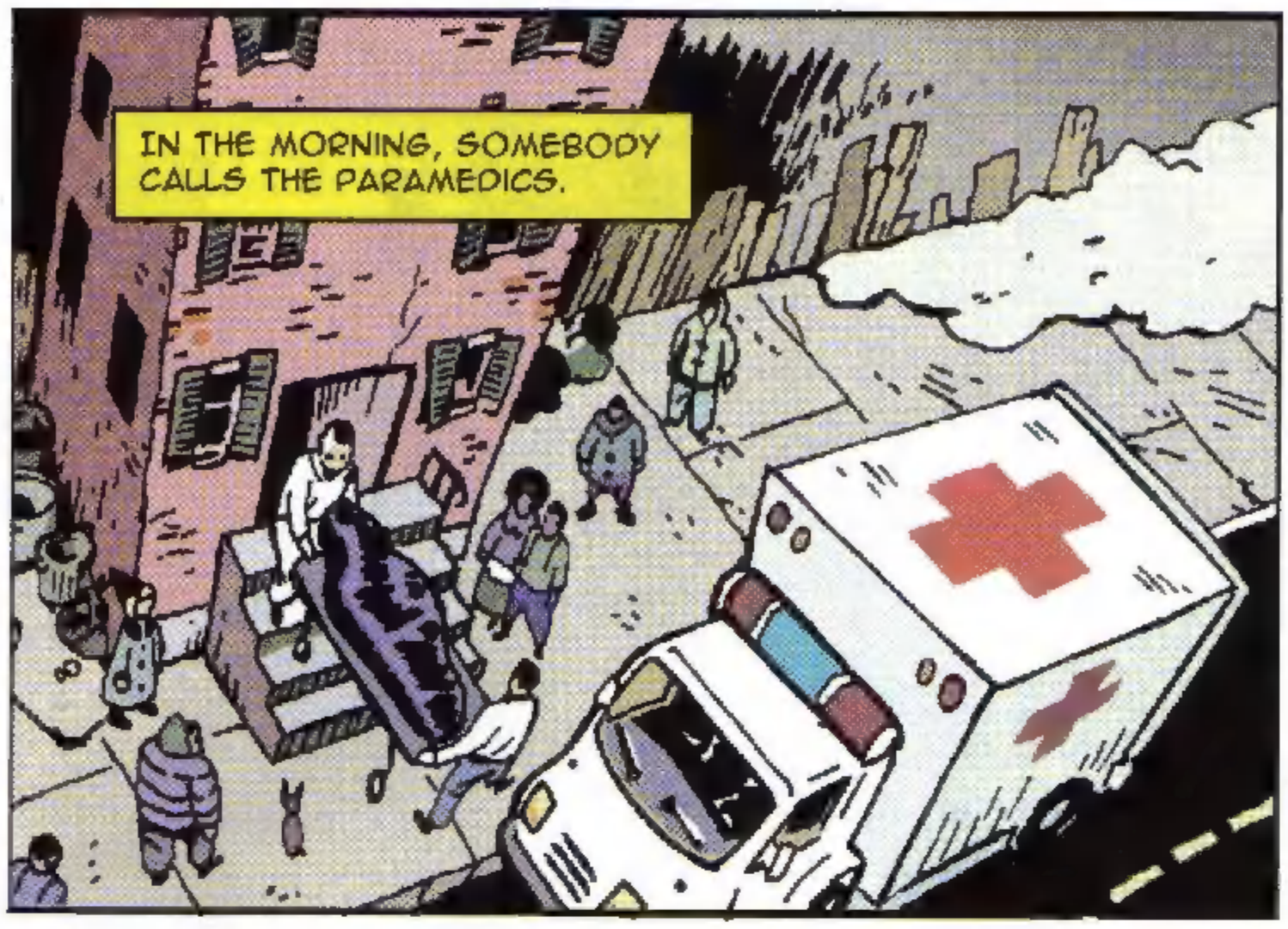
...WHAT?
YOU COME DOWN HERE IN YOUR FANCY CAR AND HAVE THE NERVE TO OVERCHARGE US FOR BROKEN FLOORS AND FAULTY HEAT.
YOU PUT OUR MONEY INTO YOUR POCKETS INSTEAD OF BACK INTO THE BUILDING WHICH NEEDS IT MORE THAN EVER.
MRS. WILKES IN 2-B IS EIGHTY-TWO. HER HEAT HASN'T WORKED IN A WEEK!
WHILE YOU'RE LIVING LARGE, SHE'S FREEZING TO DEATH!
WELL, SHE CAN WARM HERSELF WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BY KEEPING THE HEAT LOW SHE'S SAVING ME MONEY AND HELPING PAY FOR MY FAMILY'S HOLIDAY GIFTS
NOT TO MENTION A NEW SUIT AND IVORY CUFFLINKS FOR ME!

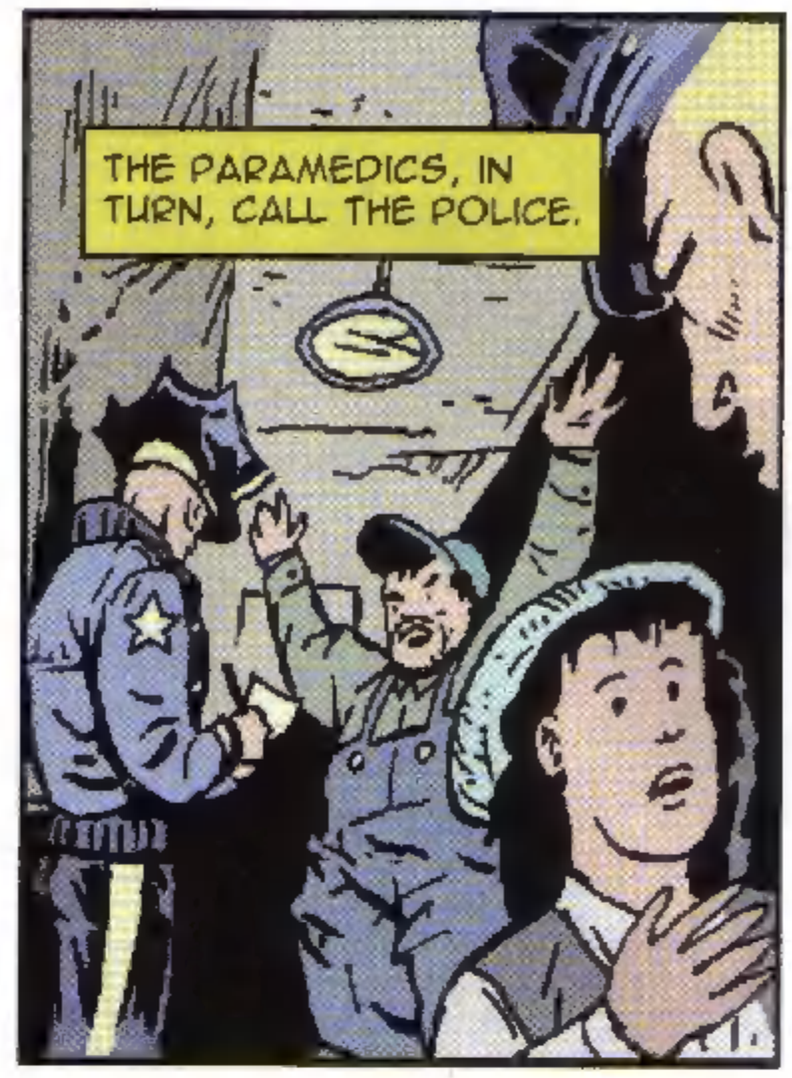

THAT NIGHT, THE BOILER AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS IN RARE FORM.
THE BUILDING'S SYSTEM USUALLY CIRCULATES ENOUGH HEAT TO RELIEVE THE COLD.


MAYBE WINCHELL'S FROSTY DEMEANOR IS STILL IN THE AIR, BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE RICKETY BOILER TRIES, THE TENANTS CAN'T GET RID OF THE MIDNIGHT CHILL.


THE TENANTS MAKE DO WITH COVERS AND LAYERS, HUDDLING FOR WARMTH.

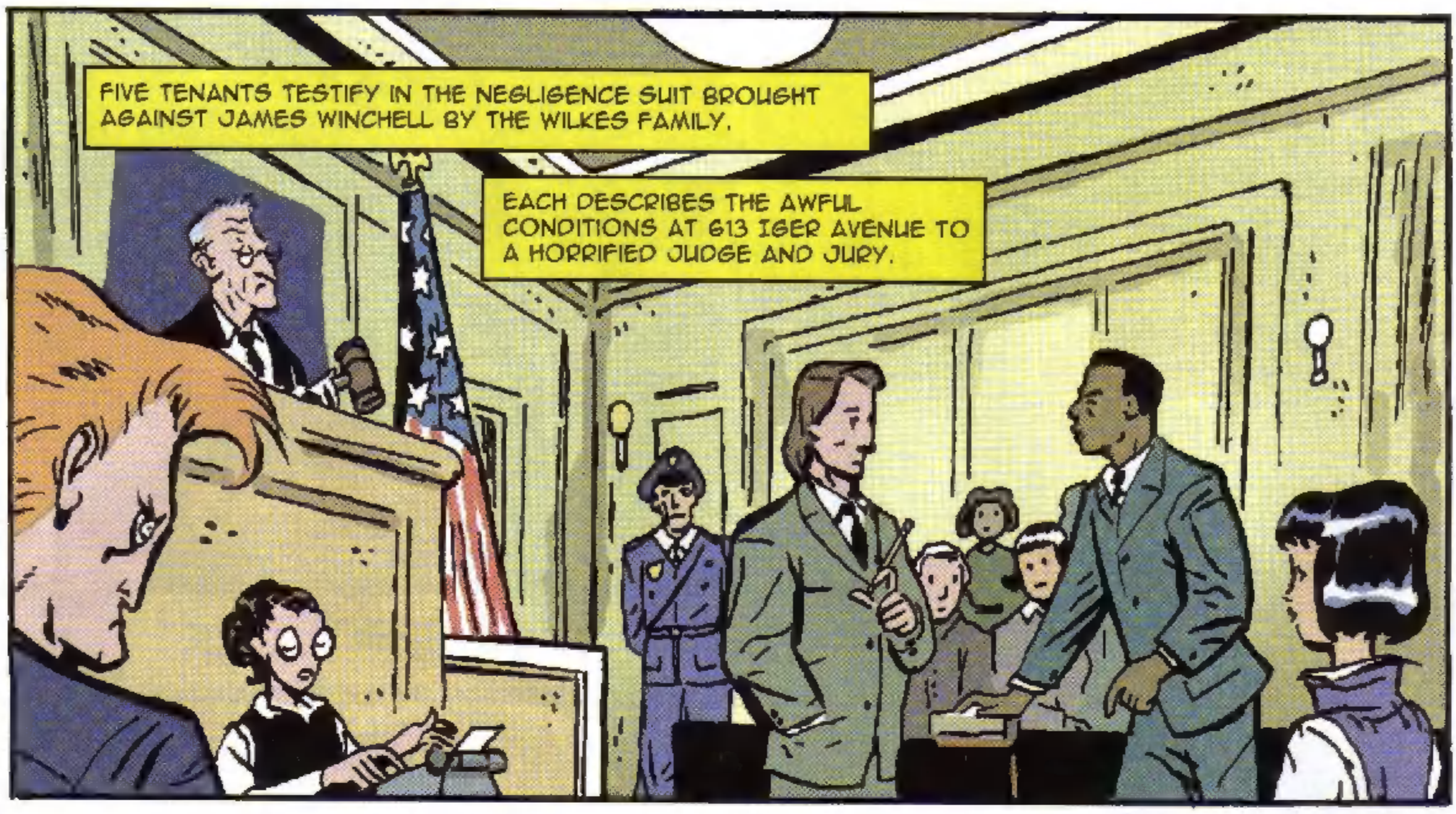
BUT NO AMOUNT OF BLANKETS CAN SAVE MRS. EUGENIA F. WILKES IN APARTMENT 2-B.

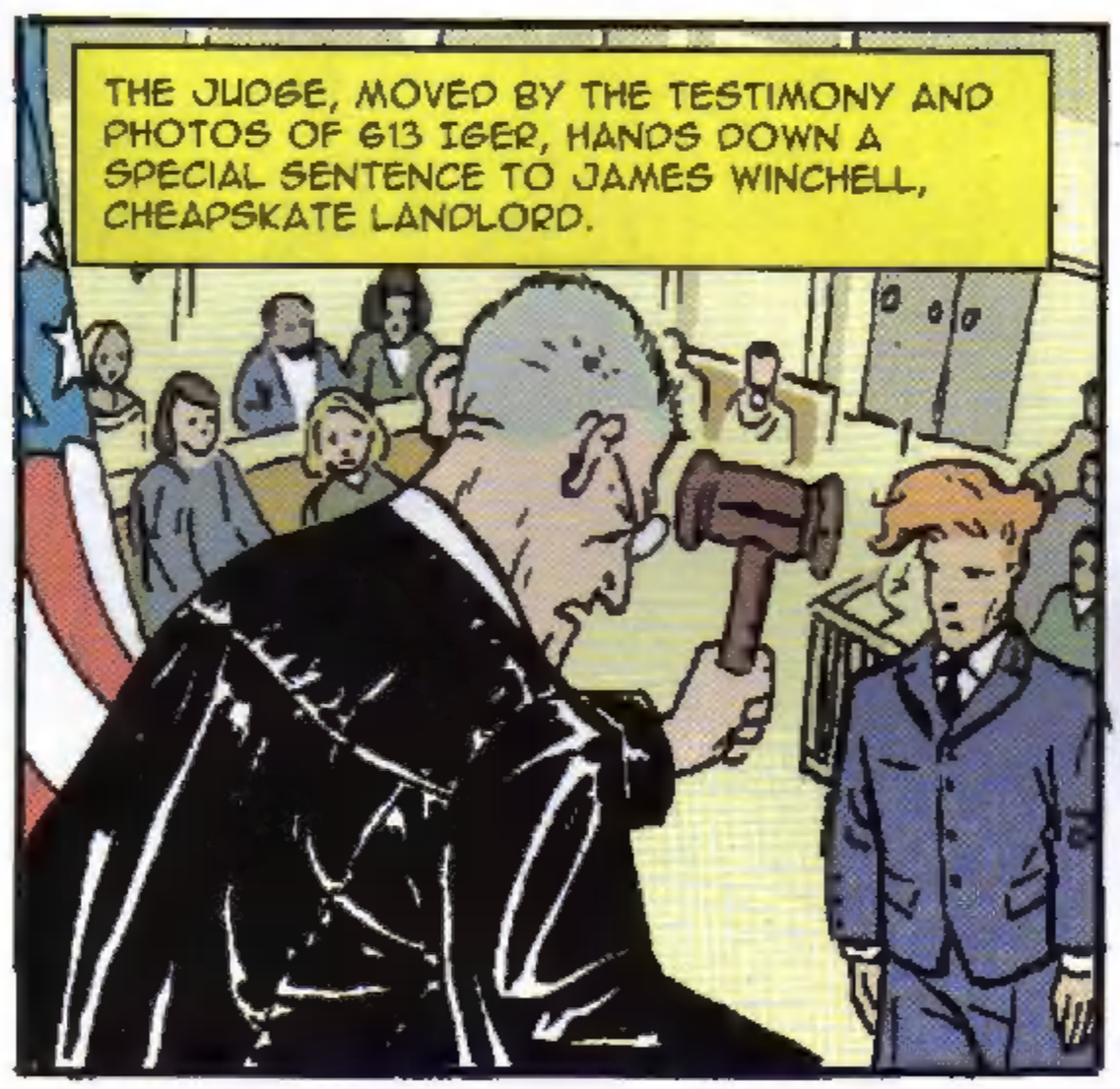

IN THE MORNING, SOMEBODY CALLS THE PARAMEDICS.

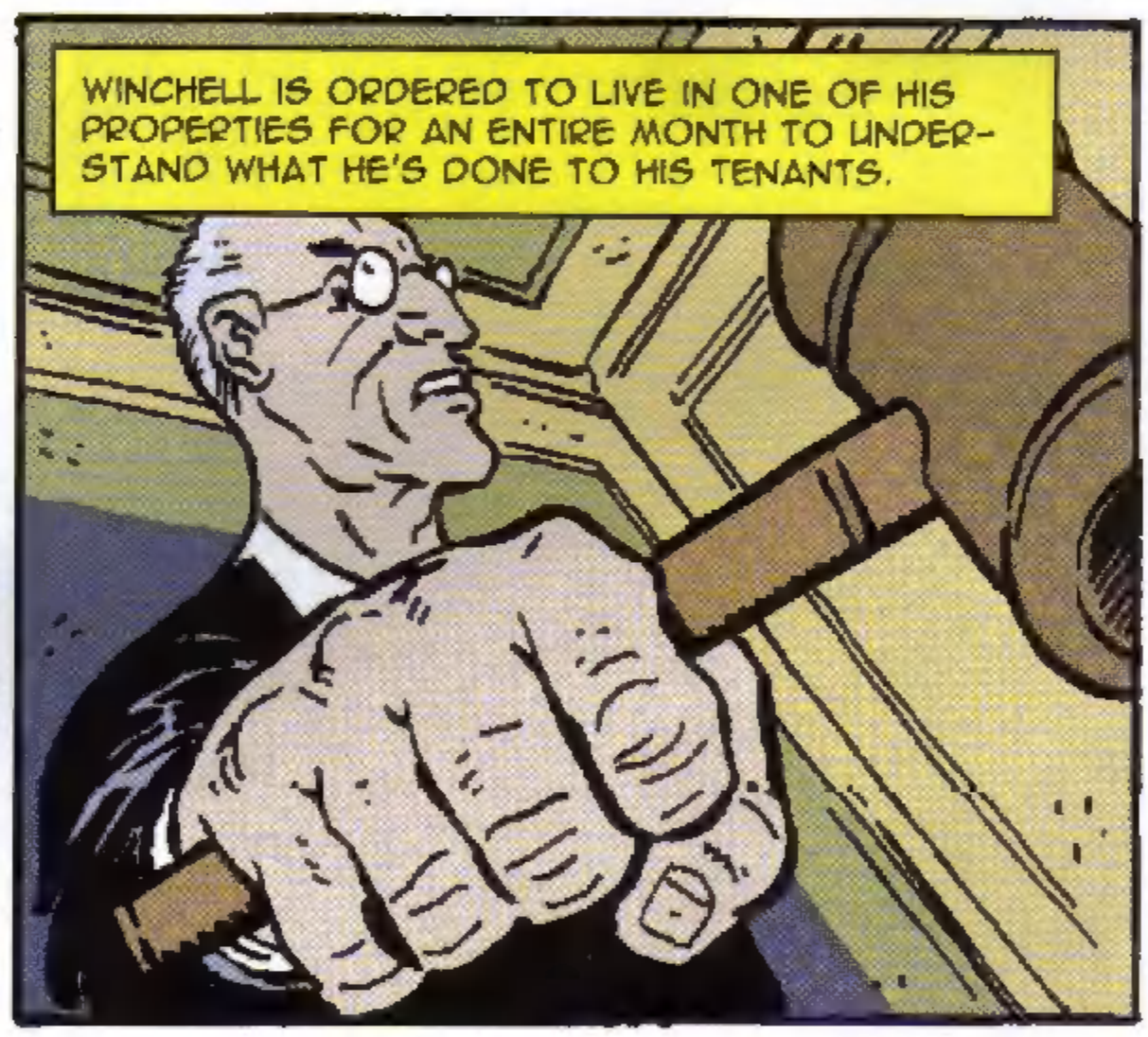

THE PARAMEDICS, IN TURN, CALL THE POLICE.

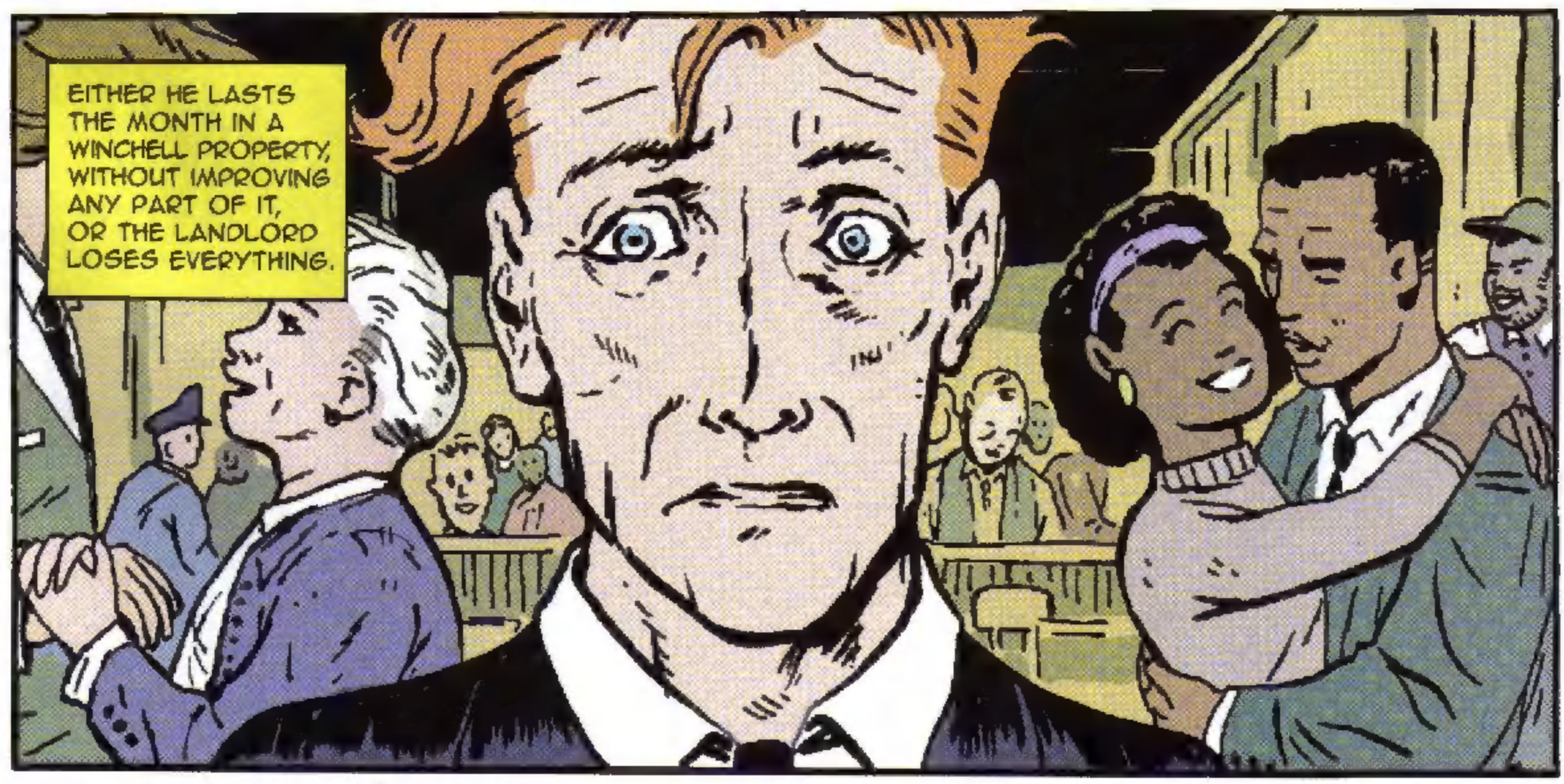
THE POLICE CALL ON MRS. WILKES' GRANDSON.

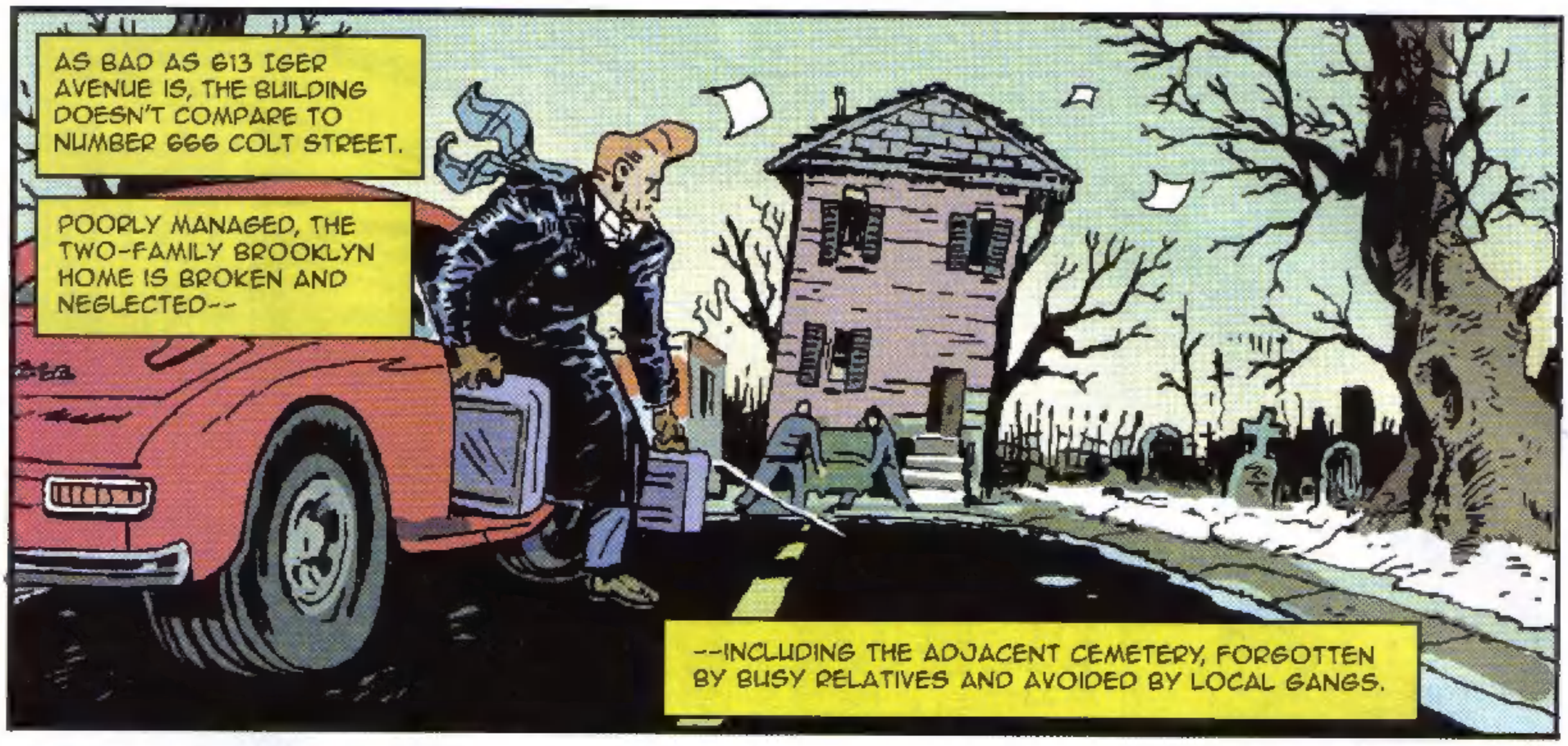
AND AFTER AN APPROPRIATE AMOUNT OF GRIEVING, MRS. WILKES' GRANDSON CALLS HIS LAWYER.
613
IGER
AVENUE

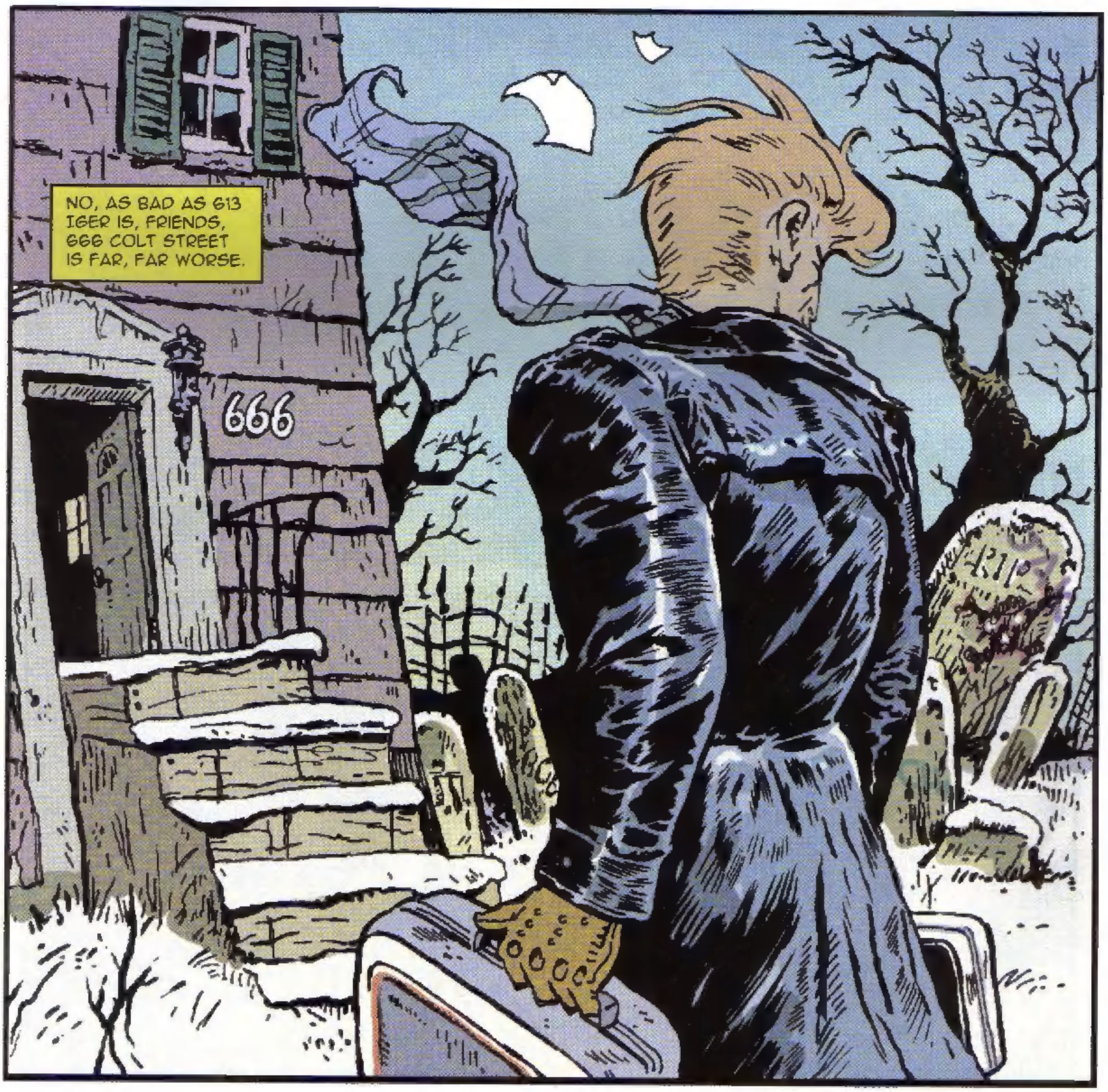

FIVE TENANTS TESTIFY IN THE NEGLIGENCE SUIT BROUGHT AGAINST JAMES WINCHELL BY THE WILKES FAMILY.
EACH DESCRIBES THE AWFUL CONDITIONS AT 613 IGER AVENUE TO A HORRIFIED JUDGE AND JURY.

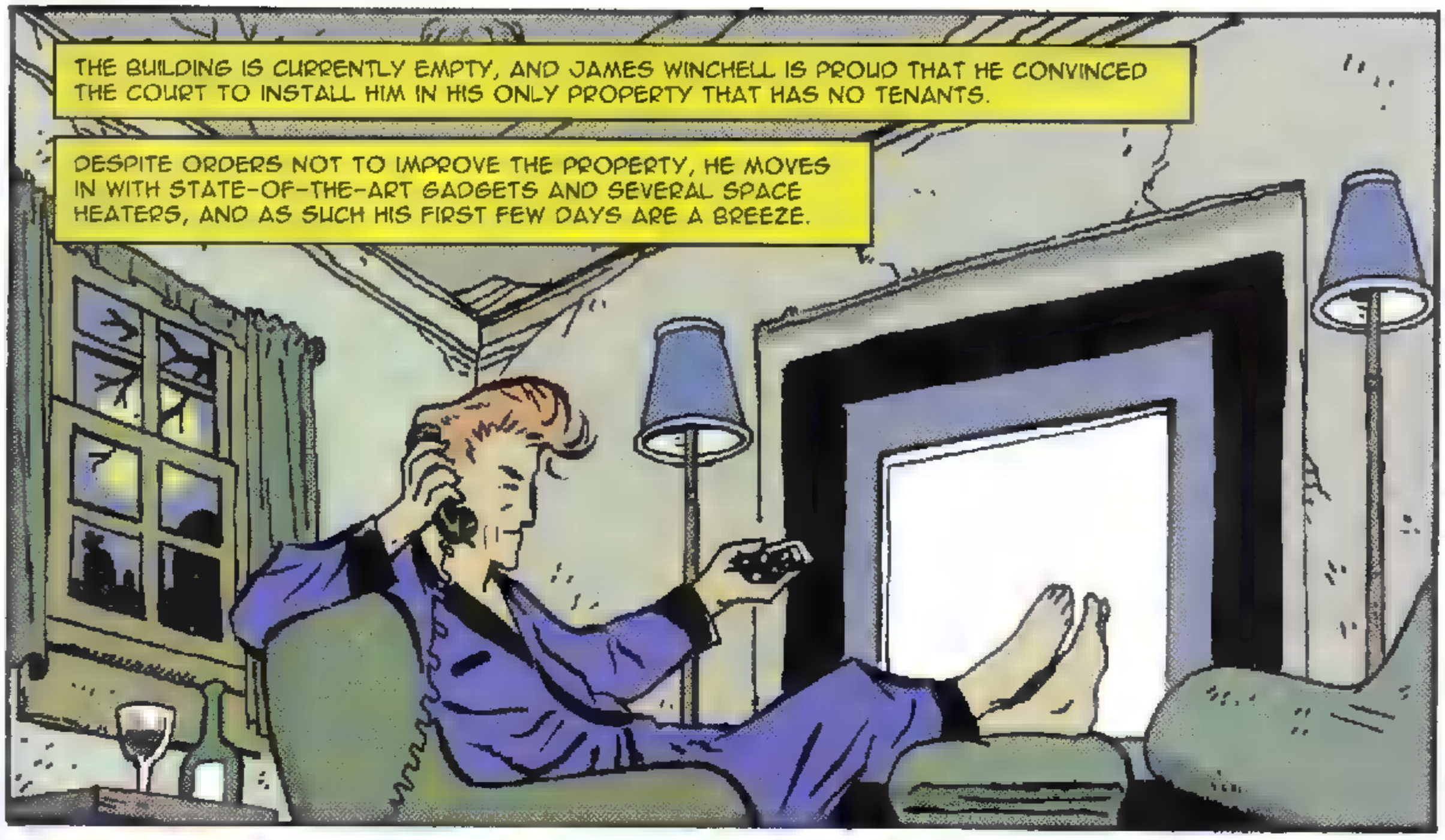

THE JUDGE, MOVED BY THE TESTIMONY AND PHOTOS OF 613 IGER, HANDS DOWN A SPECIAL SENTENCE TO JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

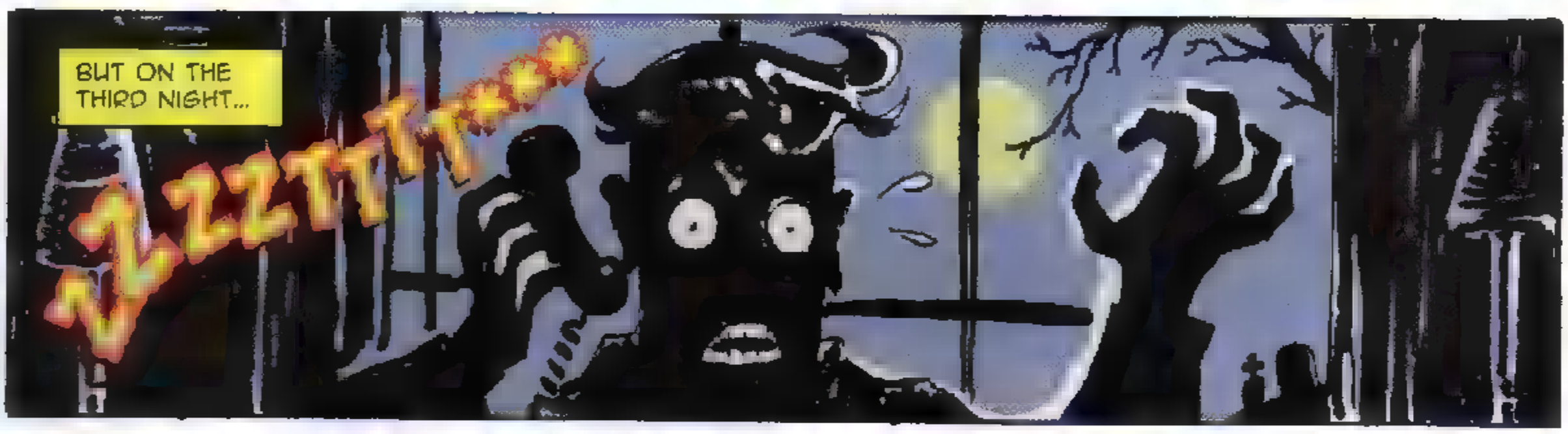

WINCHELL IS ORDERED TO LIVE IN ONE OF HIS PROPERTIES FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S DONE TO HIS TENANTS.

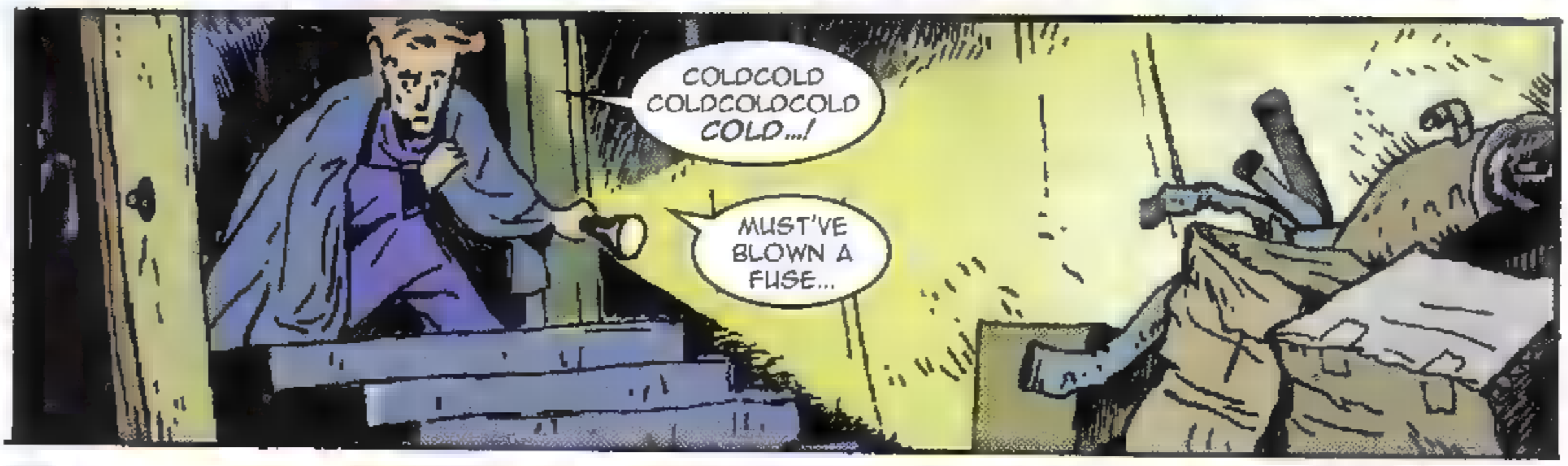

EITHER HE LASTS THE MONTH IN A WINCHELL PROPERTY, WITHOUT IMPROVING ANY PART OF IT, OR THE LANDLORD LOSES EVERYTHING.


AS BAD AS 613 IGER AVENUE IS, THE BUILDING DOESN'T COMPARE TO NUMBER 666 COLT STREET.
POORLY MANAGED, THE TWO-FAMILY BROOKLYN HOME IS BROKEN AND NEGLECTED--
--INCLUDING THE ADJACENT CEMETERY, FORGOTTEN BY BUSY RELATIVES AND AVOIDED BY LOCAL GANGS.

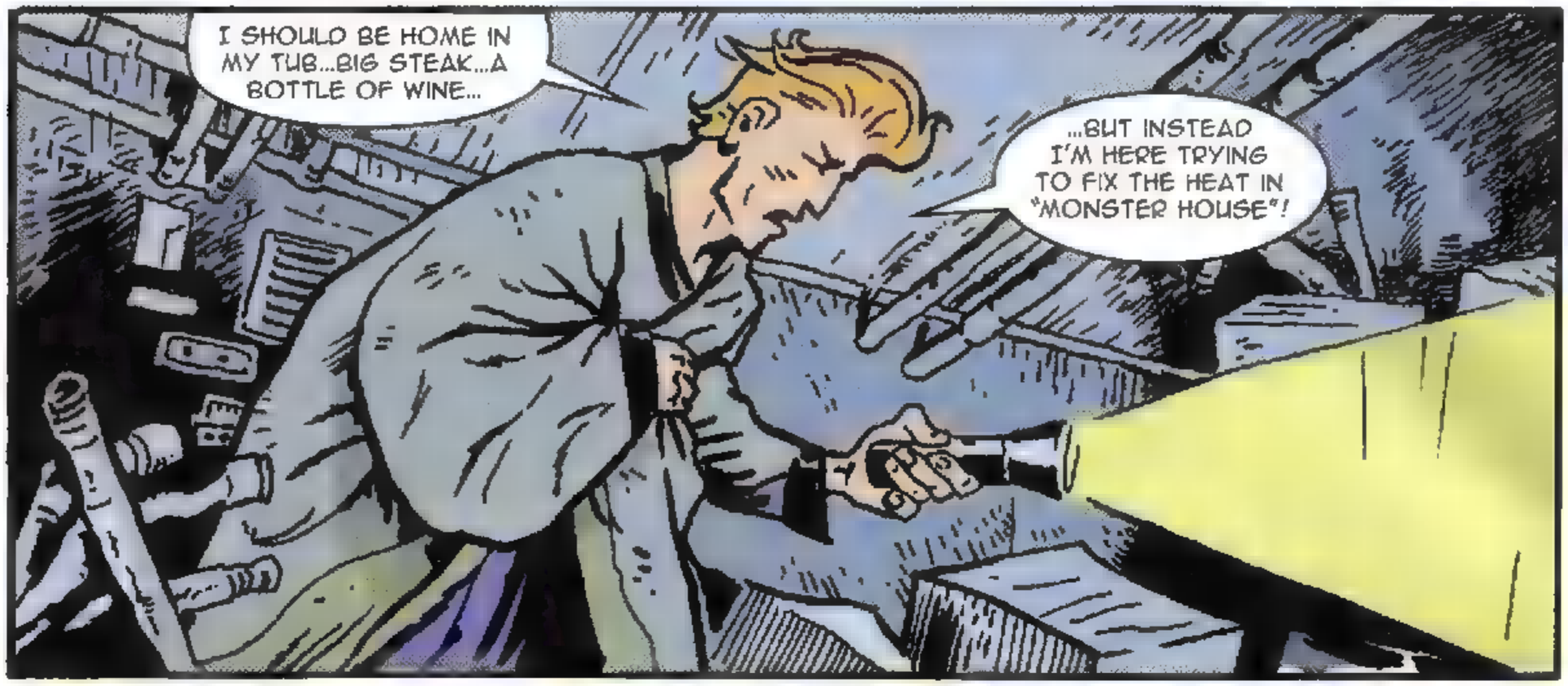

NO, AS BAD AS 613 IGER IS, FRIENDS, 666 COLT STREET IS FAR, FAR WORSE.
666
RIP


THE BUILDING IS CURRENTLY EMPTY, AND JAMES WINCHELL IS PROUD THAT HE CONVINCED THE COURT TO INSTALL HIM IN HIS ONLY PROPERTY THAT HAS NO TENANTS.
DESPITE ORDERS NOT TO IMPROVE THE PROPERTY, HE MOVES IN WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART GADGETS AND SEVERAL SPACE HEATERS, AND AS SUCH HIS FIRST FEW DAYS ARE A BREEZE.

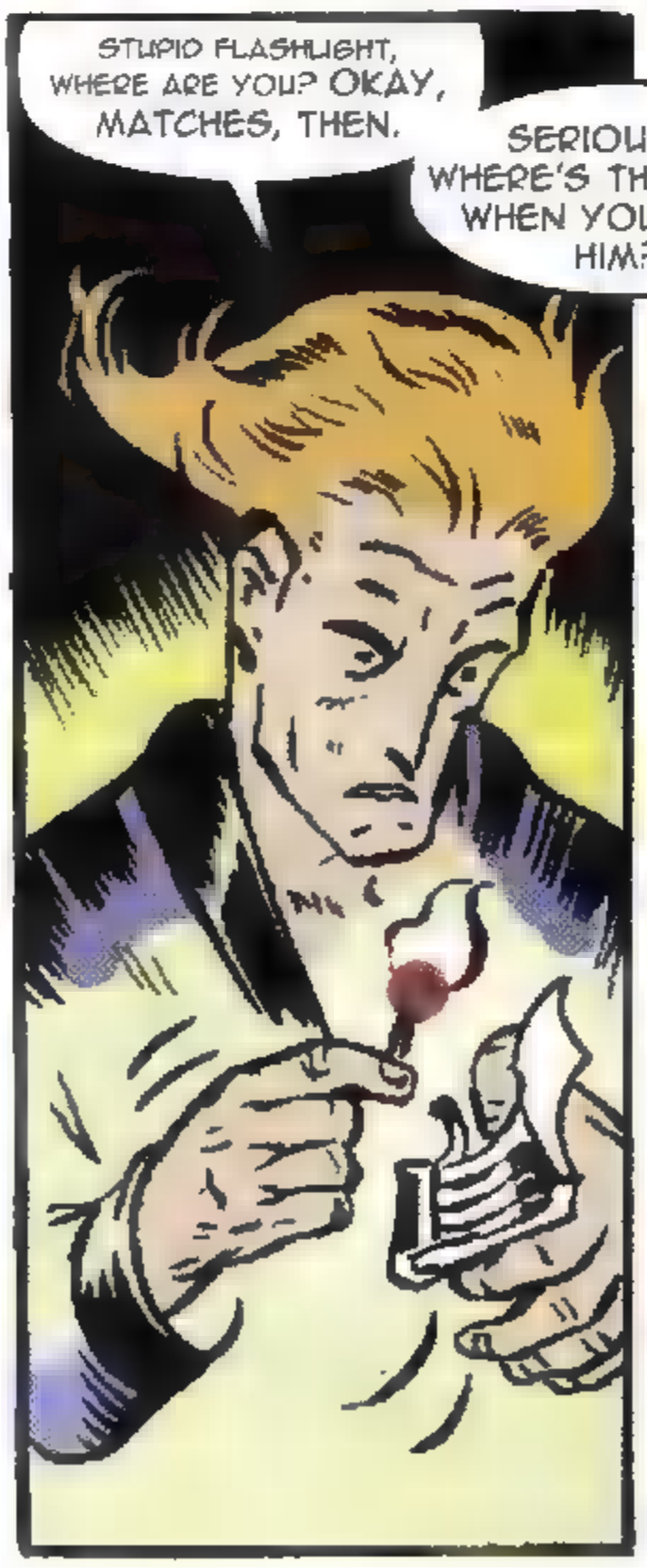

BUT ON THE THIRD NIGHT...
ZZZTTTTT***


COLDCOLD COLDCOLDCOLD COLD...!
MUST'VE BLOWN A FUSE...

OKAY, BOILER. BOILER. WHERE'S THE BOILER?
HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO GET SOME HEAT GOING? IF CAVEMEN CAN DO IT WITH TWO STICKS, I'M SURE I CAN DO IT.


I SHOULD BE HOME IN MY TUB...BIG STEAK...A BOTTLE OF WINE...
...BUT INSTEAD I'M HERE TRYING TO FIX THE HEAT IN "MONSTER HOUSE"!

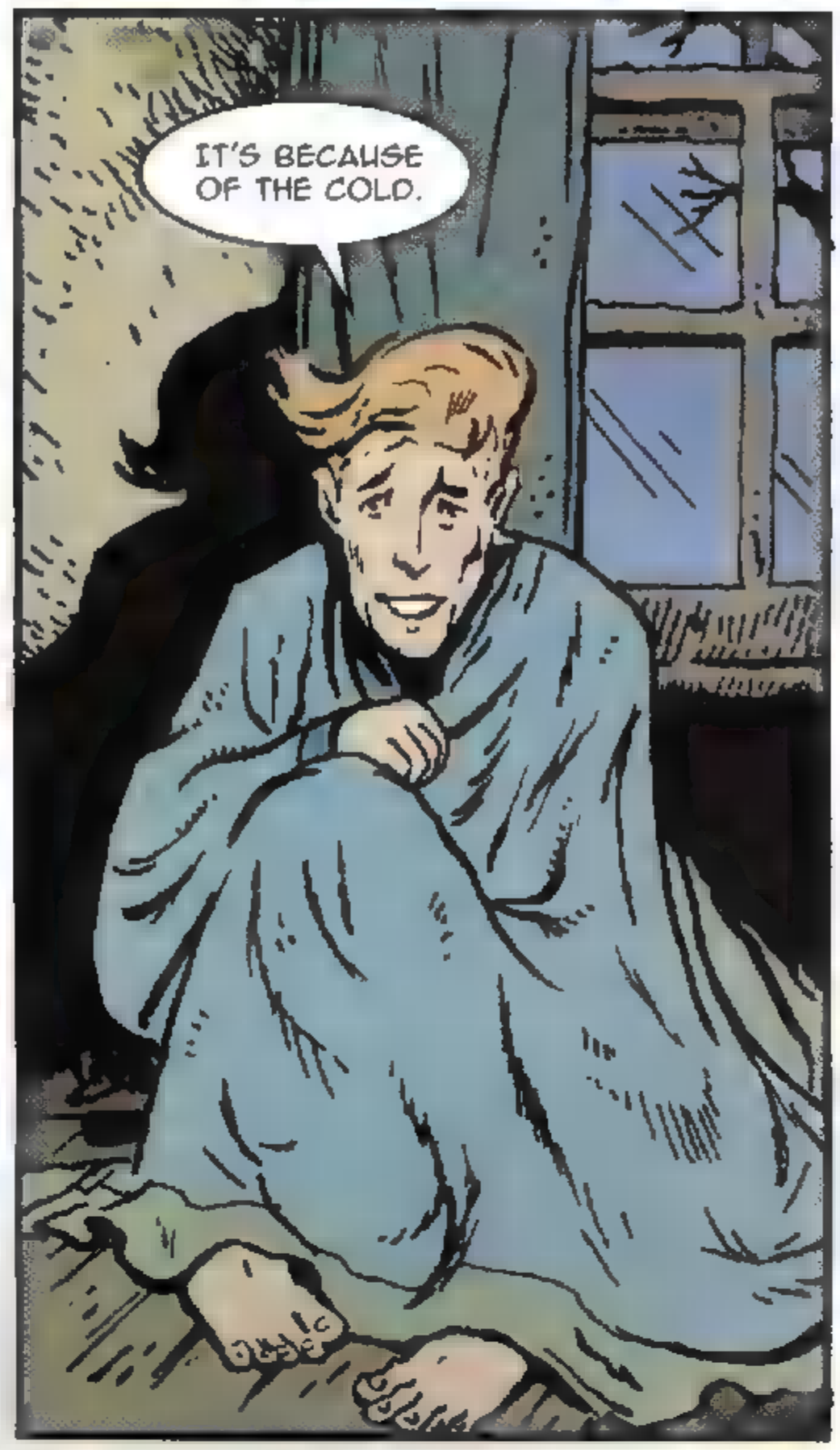
ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN MORE DAYS-- WHOAAHGGH!
KRASSHH
..OWCH.


STUPID FLASHLIGHT, WHERE ARE YOU? OKAY, MATCHES, THEN.
SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE SUPER WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

LEMME KNOW IF YOU FIND HIM.
I GOTTA COMPLAINT ABOUT THE NOISE.

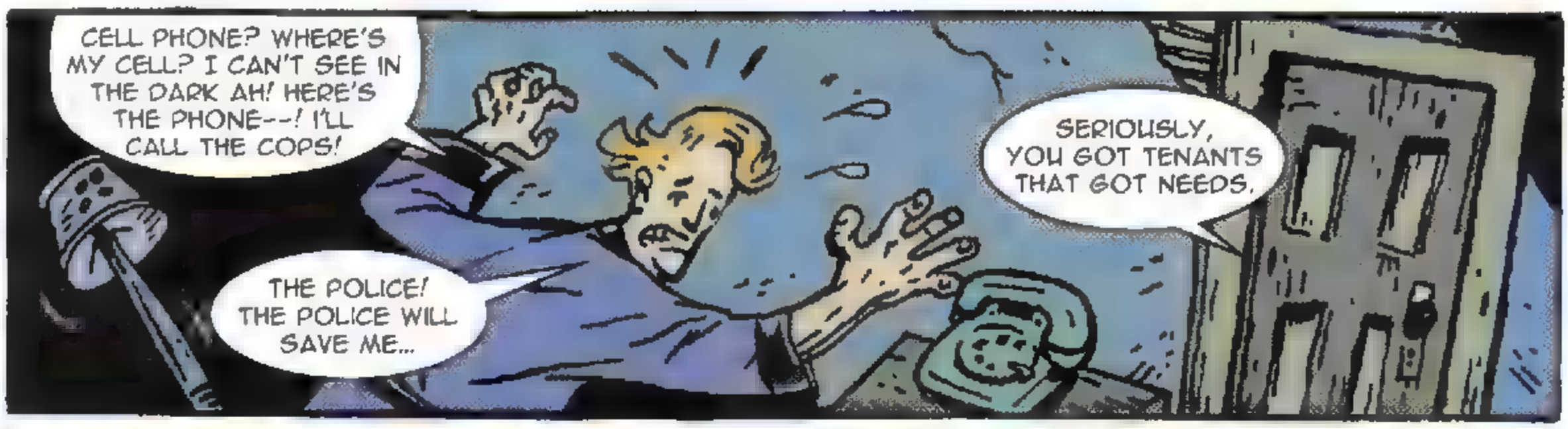
WANNA KEEP THE MUSIC DOWN, CHIEF? IT'S LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD.
HEY, YOU LISTENIN', MAC?
HEY, WHERE YA GOIN'? I AIN'T FINISHED!
AAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!
YOU GONNA FIXXA HEAT OR WHAT?
"'EY, MISTER--
"--WE'RE FREEZING TO DEATH OUT THERE!"
10.

NOTHING... IT'S NOTHING! I'M SEEING THINGS!
THE COLD'S GETTING TO MY BRAIN...YEAH, THAT'S IT!
R I P

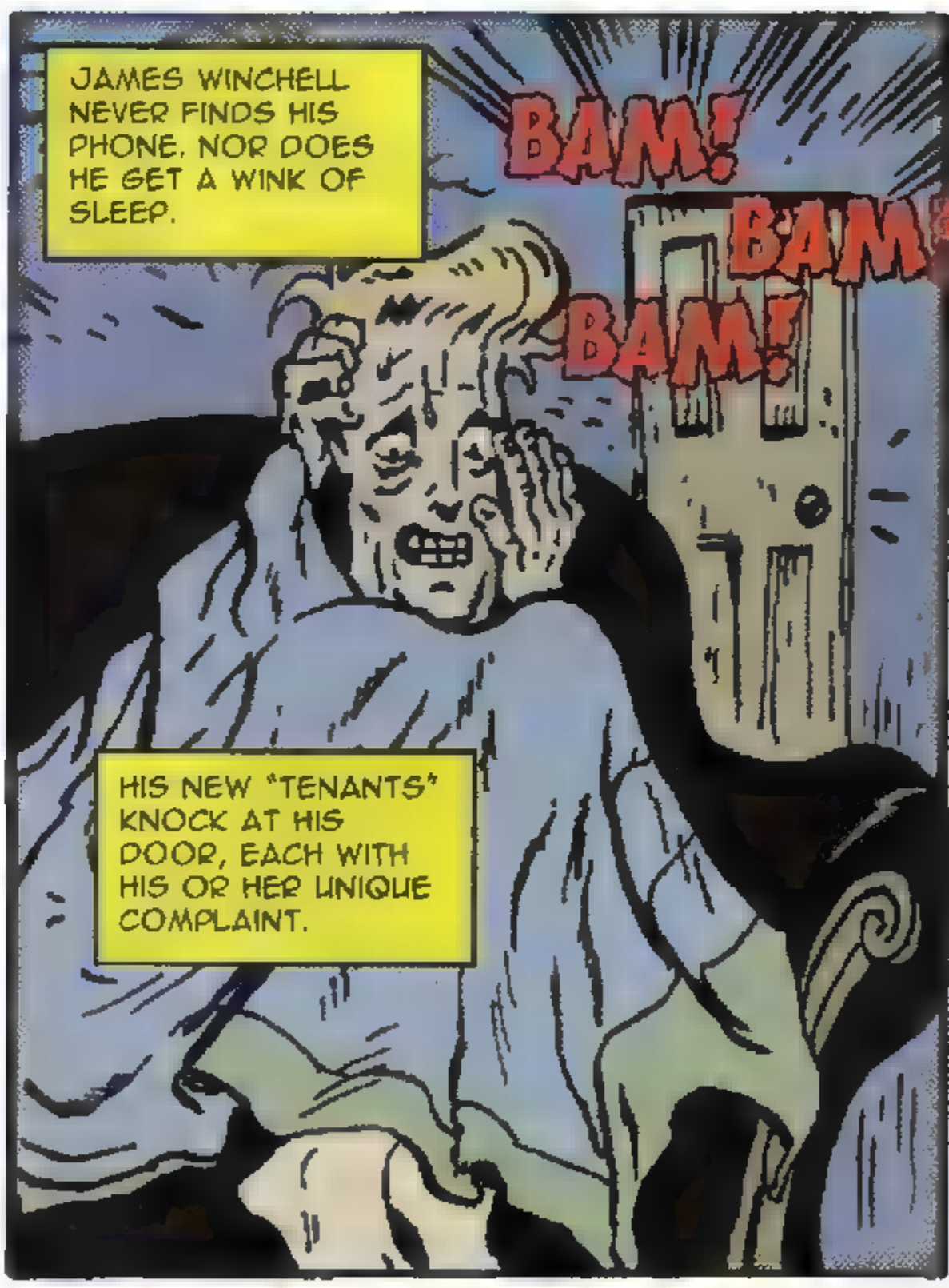

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE COLD.

BAM! BAM! BAM!
'EY! YOU COMIN' OUT OR WHAT?
AAAAAAHHHH!!!!
WE STILL AIN'T GOT HEAT!

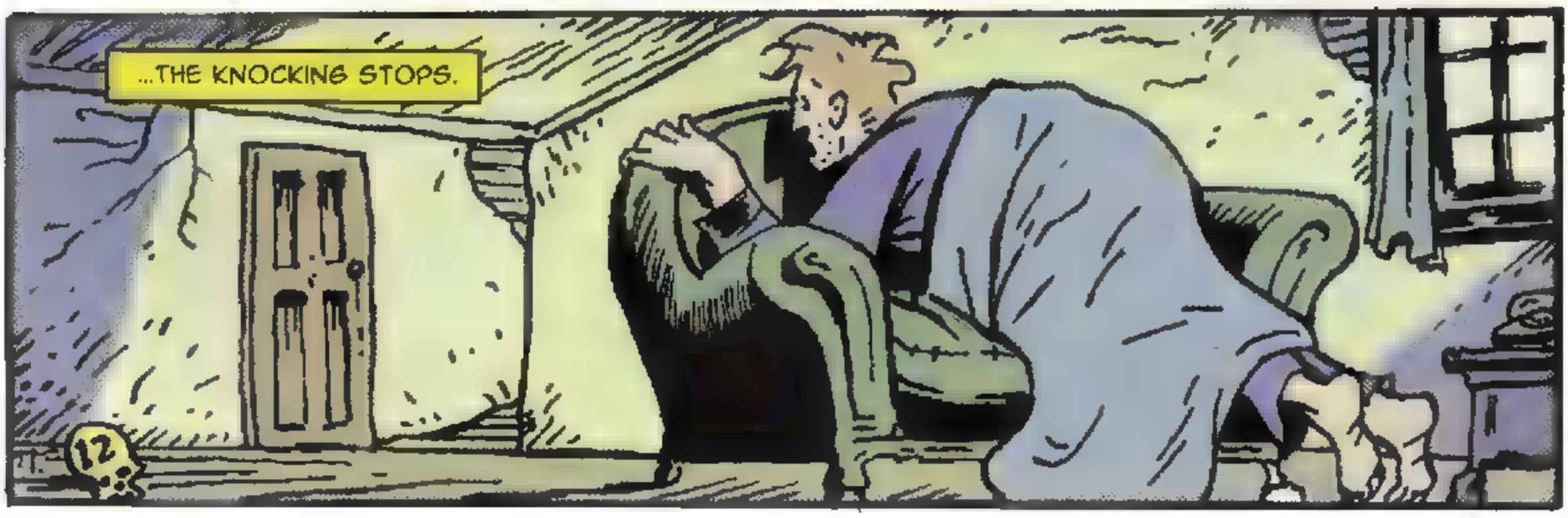
BAM! BAM! BAM!
'EY, LANDLORD... YOU BEEN DUCKING US FOR MONTHS AND WE GOT COMPLAINTS!

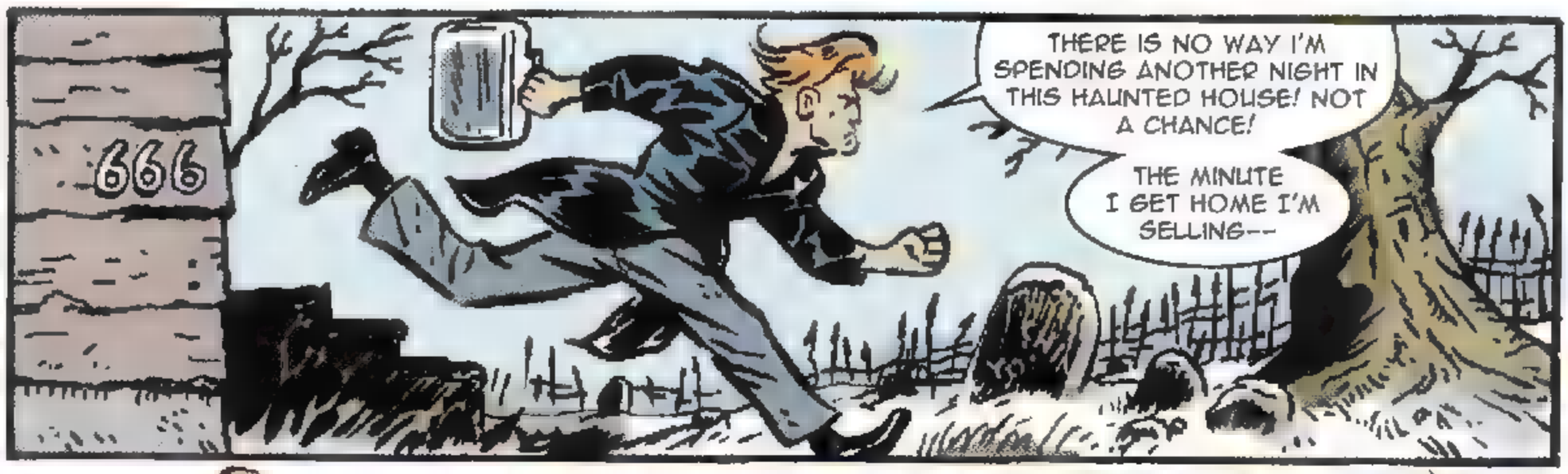

CELL PHONE? WHERE'S MY CELL? I CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK AH! HERE'S THE PHONE--! I'LL CALL THE COPS!
SERIOUSLY, YOU GOT TENANTS THAT GOT NEEDS.
THE POLICE! THE POLICE WILL SAVE ME...

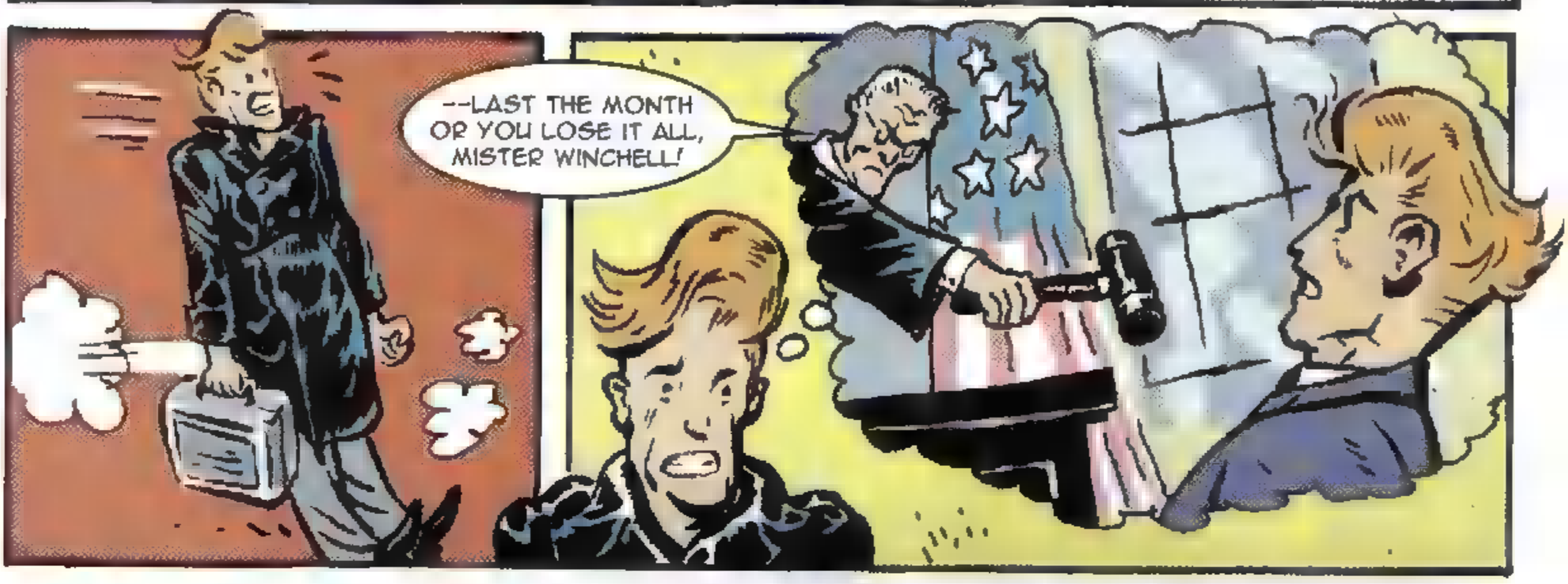
...NO DIAL TONE.
CELL PHONE. WHERE DID I PUT IT?


JAMES WINCHELL NEVER FINDS HIS PHONE, NOR DOES HE GET A WINK OF SLEEP.
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
HIS NEW "TENANTS" KNOCK AT HIS DOOR, EACH WITH HIS OR HER UNIQUE COMPLAINT.

THE KNOCKING GROWS LOUDER AND WINCHELL SHIVERS IN THE DARKNESS, AFFECTED BY THE COLD AND TERROR.
AND IN THE MORNING...


...THE KNOCKING STOPS.


666
THERE IS NO WAY I'M SPENDING ANOTHER NIGHT IN THIS HAUNTED HOUSE! NOT A CHANCE!
THE MINUTE I GET HOME I'M SELLING--


--LAST THE MONTH OR YOU LOSE IT ALL, MISTER WINCHELL!

"EVERY DOLLAR. EVERY PROPERTY. EVERYTHING WILL GO TO THE WILKES FAMILY AND THE TENANTS OF 613 IGER AVENUE!"

NOT A CHANCE.
666

SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS, DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX THE HEAT AND POWER--

BUT THE BUILDING IS IN SUCH DISREPAIR THAT NOTHING WORKS.

AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...

...ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A COMPLAINT.

HELLO? MISTER WINCHELL?

NOK NOK NOK

WE'VE HAVEN'T MET, BUT I FELT IT WAS PAST TIME.

MY NAME IS EUGENIA WILKES.

THERE'S A SLIGHT ISSUE WITH MY SPOT AND THE SUPER'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND...SO I'LL NEED TO ENLIST YOUR HELP.

BUT YOU'RE... YOU'RE...D...

YOU'RE... *DEAD.*

--AHH! C...COLD...!

OH, NOTHING A HOT TEA WON'T FIX, MISTER WINCHELL.

THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR THE CONDITIONS I'M LIVING IN, THOUGH. COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

--IT'S JUST DOWN HERE, DEAR... DO STOP DAWDLING OR WE'LL NEVER GET THERE.

...BUT...COLD... CAN'T FEEL...

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE COLD, MISTER WINCHELL...TRUTH BE TOLD, THE BROKEN HEAT NEVER BOTHERED ME.

BUT I WON'T ABIDE FILTHY LIVING CONDITIONS... EVEN IF I'M DEAD.

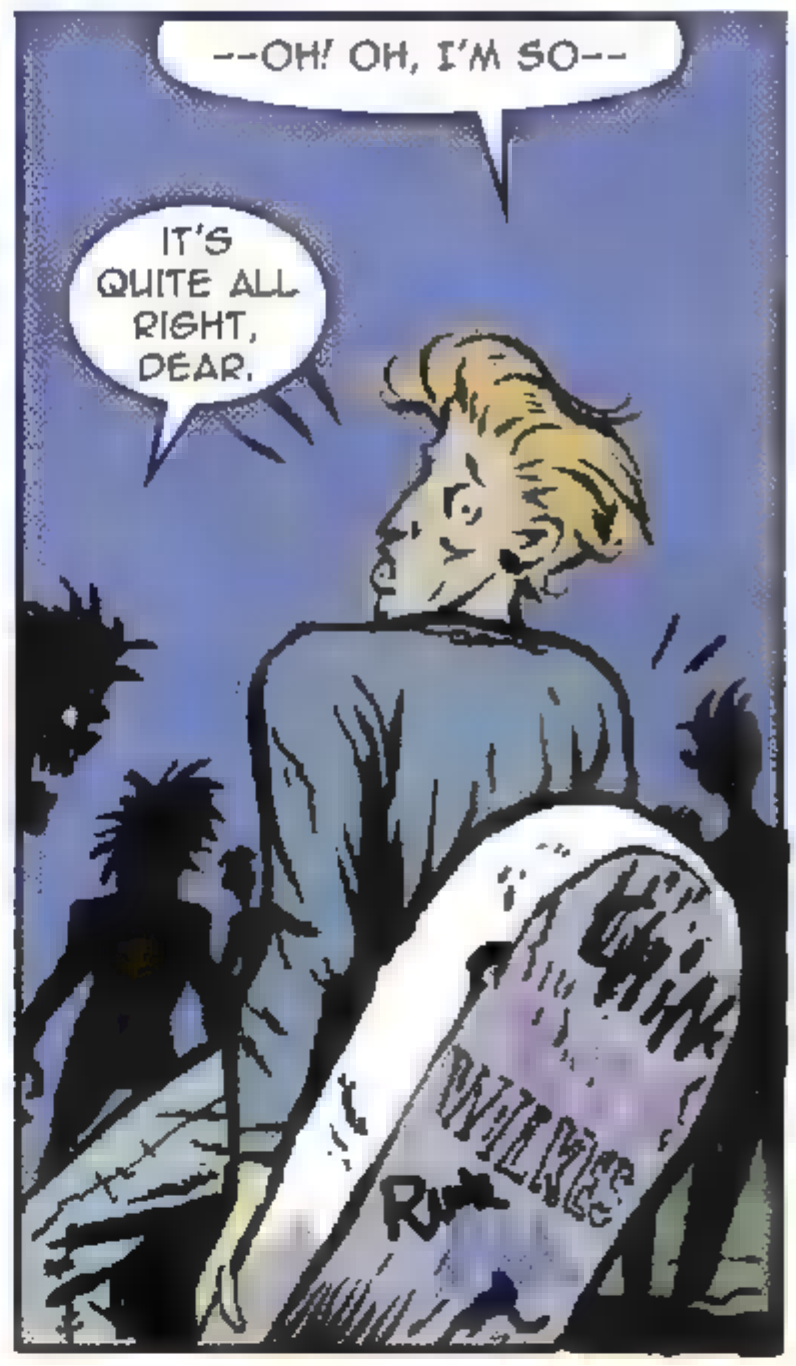
SEE? DISGRACEFUL.
I LIKE A TIDY PLOT, MISTER WINCHELL. IF YOU'D BE SO KIND...?
WH-WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO...?
THING

NO! I MEAN...NO, I CAN'T!... I WON'T! LEAVE ME ALONE!
BUT DEAR, IT'S YOUR JOB.
HEH...HAHAHA! NO, IT'S NOT! I'M THE LANDLORD... I JUST OWN THE BUILDING! I'M NOT THE CARETAKER.

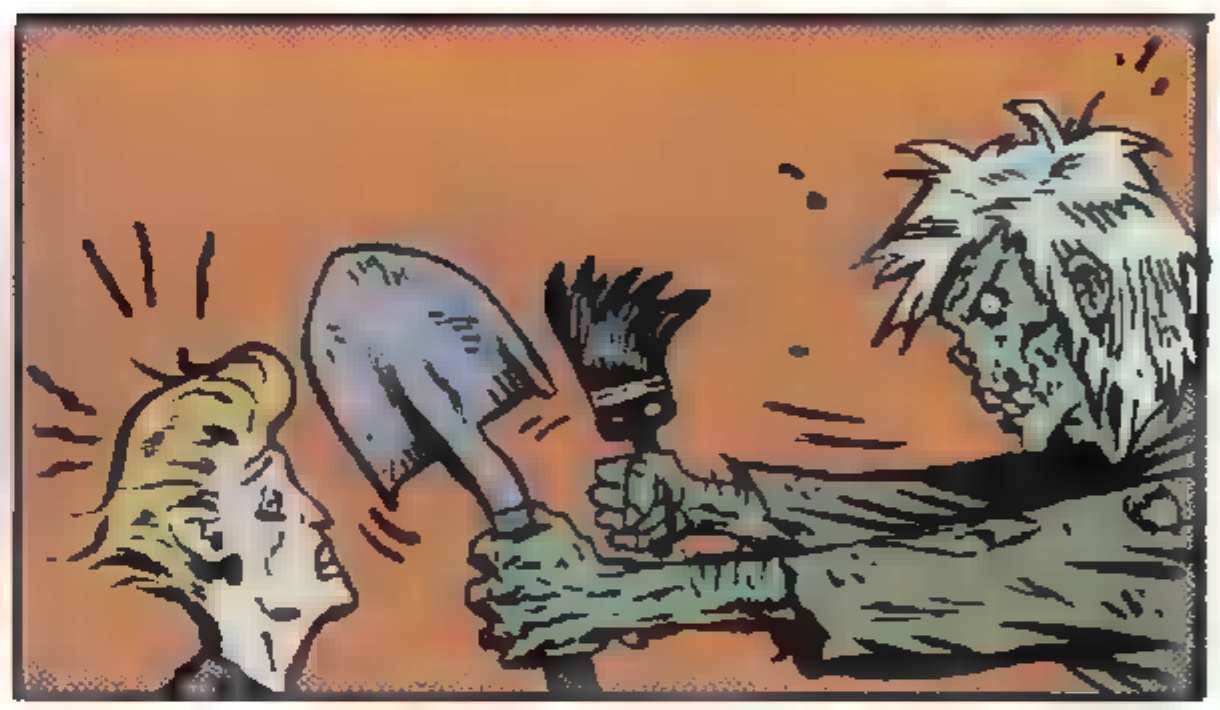
YOU GOT A PROBLEM, TAKE IT UP WITH HIM!
OOOF!

CARETAKER DIED SIX MONTHS AGO.
SO FIX THE LADY'S GRAVE, 'EY?

FIX IT! FIX IT!
...TOO COLD...
NO... NO! GET AWAY! I WON'T DO IT! GET AWAY!
...WE GOT COMPLAINTS...
...TOO LIGHT...

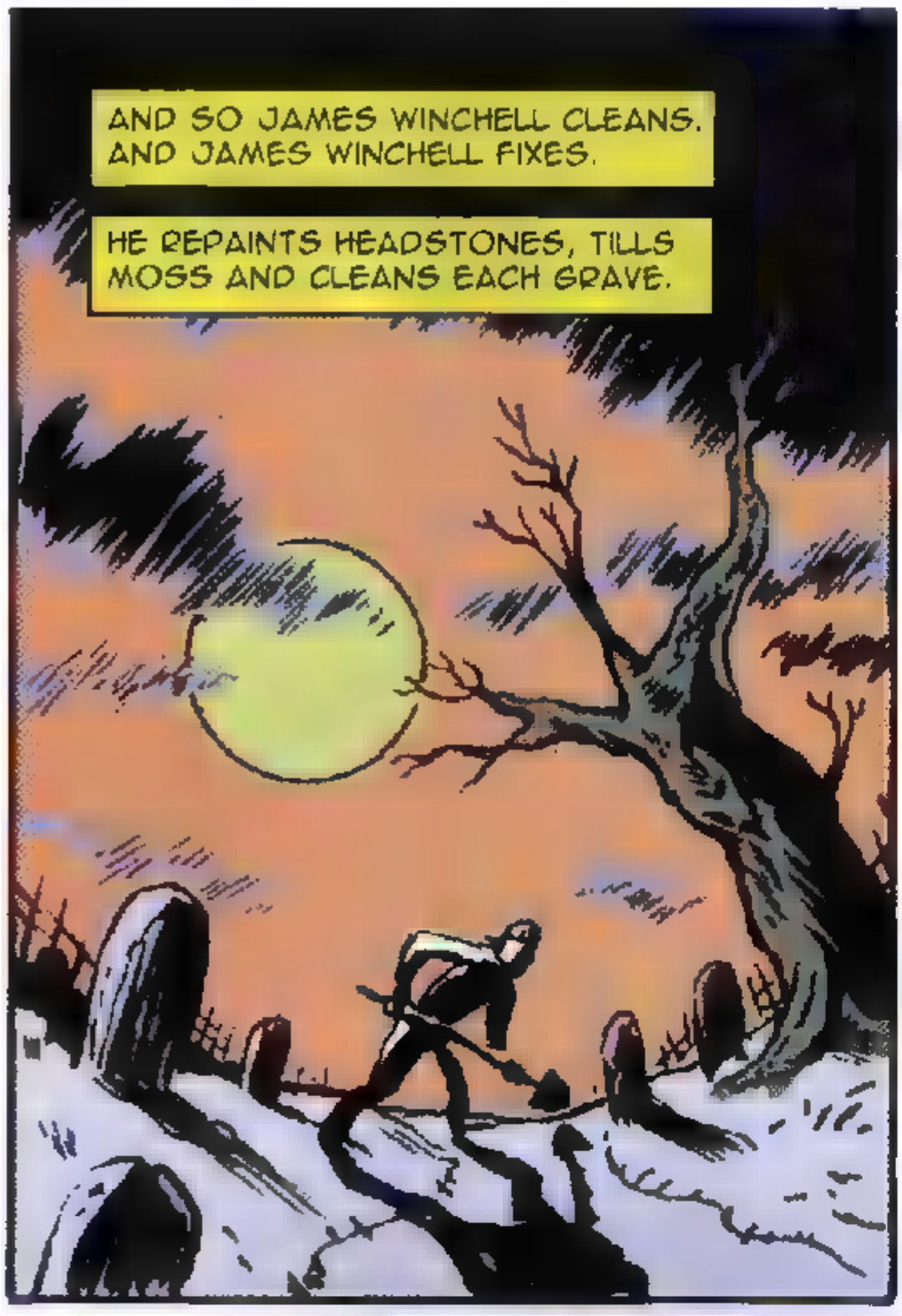

--OH! OH, I'M SO--
IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

ALL I WANT IS A CLEAN, RESPECTFUL PLACE TO REST AND YOU'LL NEVER HEAR FROM ME AGAIN.
...NEVER?
NOT A PEEP, MISTER WINCHELL. FIX MY PLOT AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.



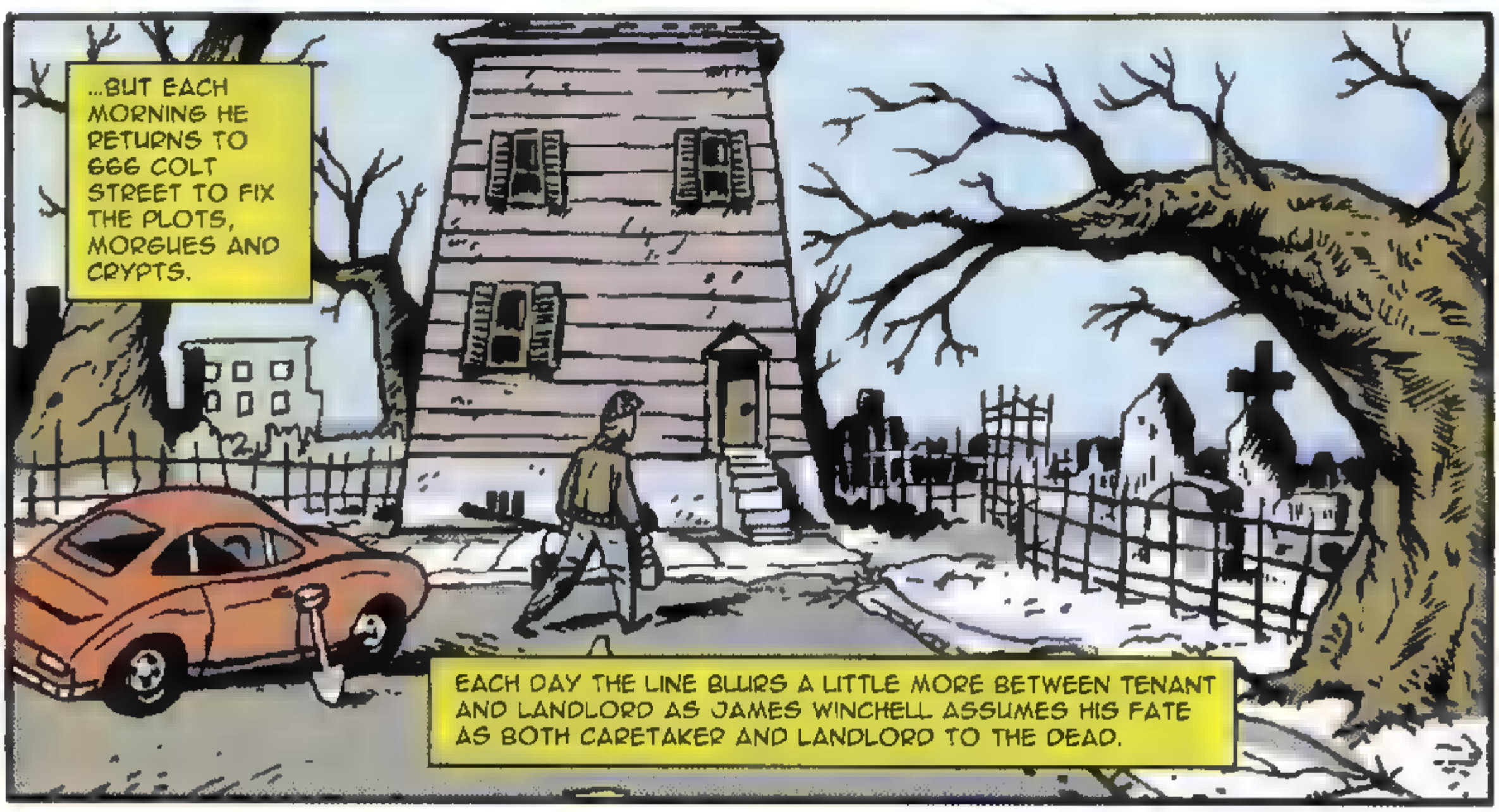
O...OKAY.
AS LONG AS YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE.

THERE. I'VE FINISHED.
THANK YOU, DEAR. IT'S LOVELY.
WILKES
YOU'RE FREE TO GO, MISTER WINCHELL. I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN.
FINALLY! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SLEEP.
'EY! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?
WILKES
YOU AIN'T DONE. SOME PUNK PAINTED OVER MY HEADSTONE AND TURNED UP THE DIRT. IT'S FREEZIN' IN THERE!
WHAT ? BUT MRS. WILKES' SAID IF I FIXED HER PLOT I'D BE LEFT ALONE!
JOJO
SHE SAID THAT SHE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE. NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT US.
EITHER GET TO WORK OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT UNTIL YOU FINALLY AIN'T THE LANDLORD HERE...
...BUT ONE OF US TENANTS.
GOT IT?
PAINT

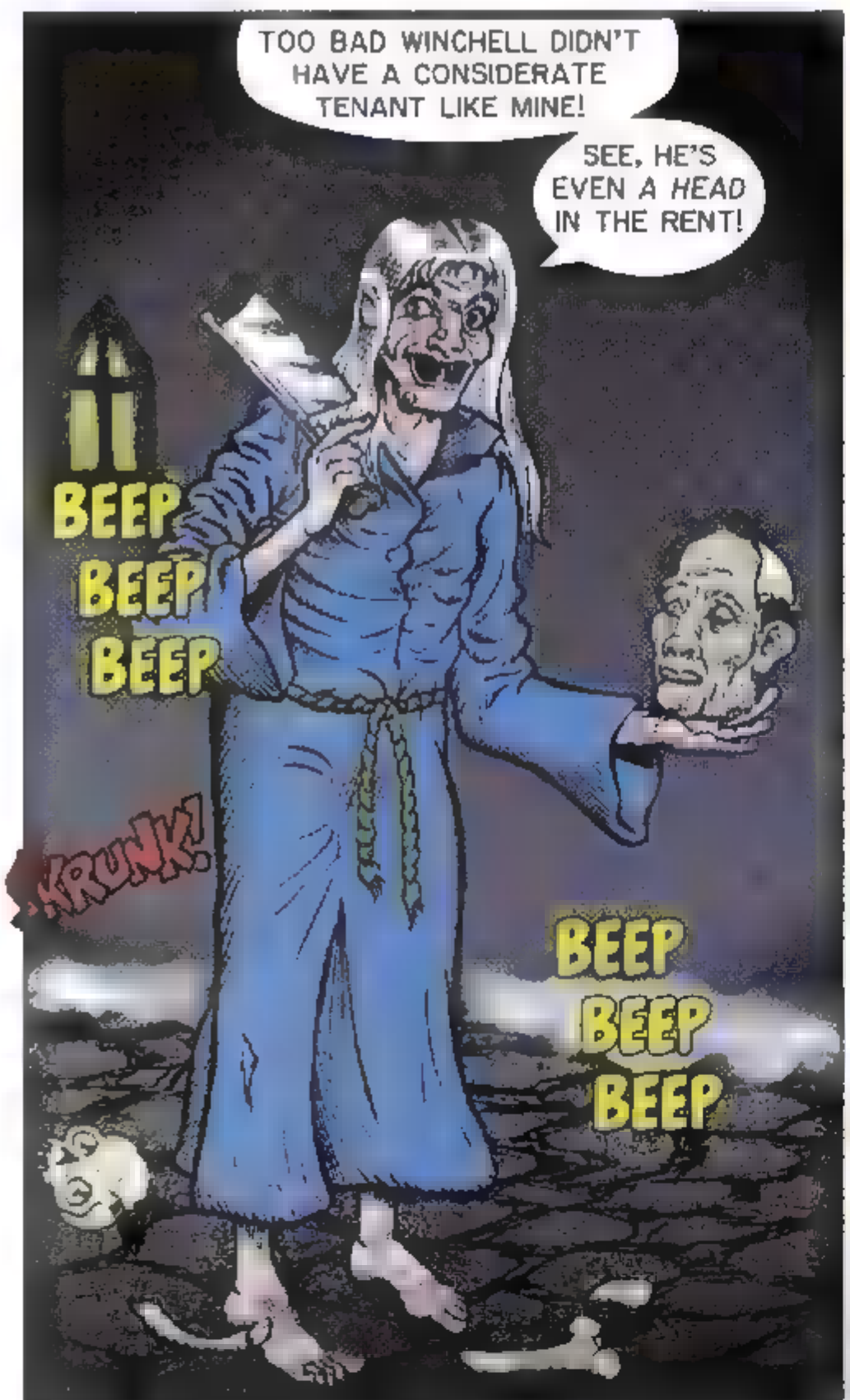

AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS. AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES.
HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TILLS MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE.

HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE.

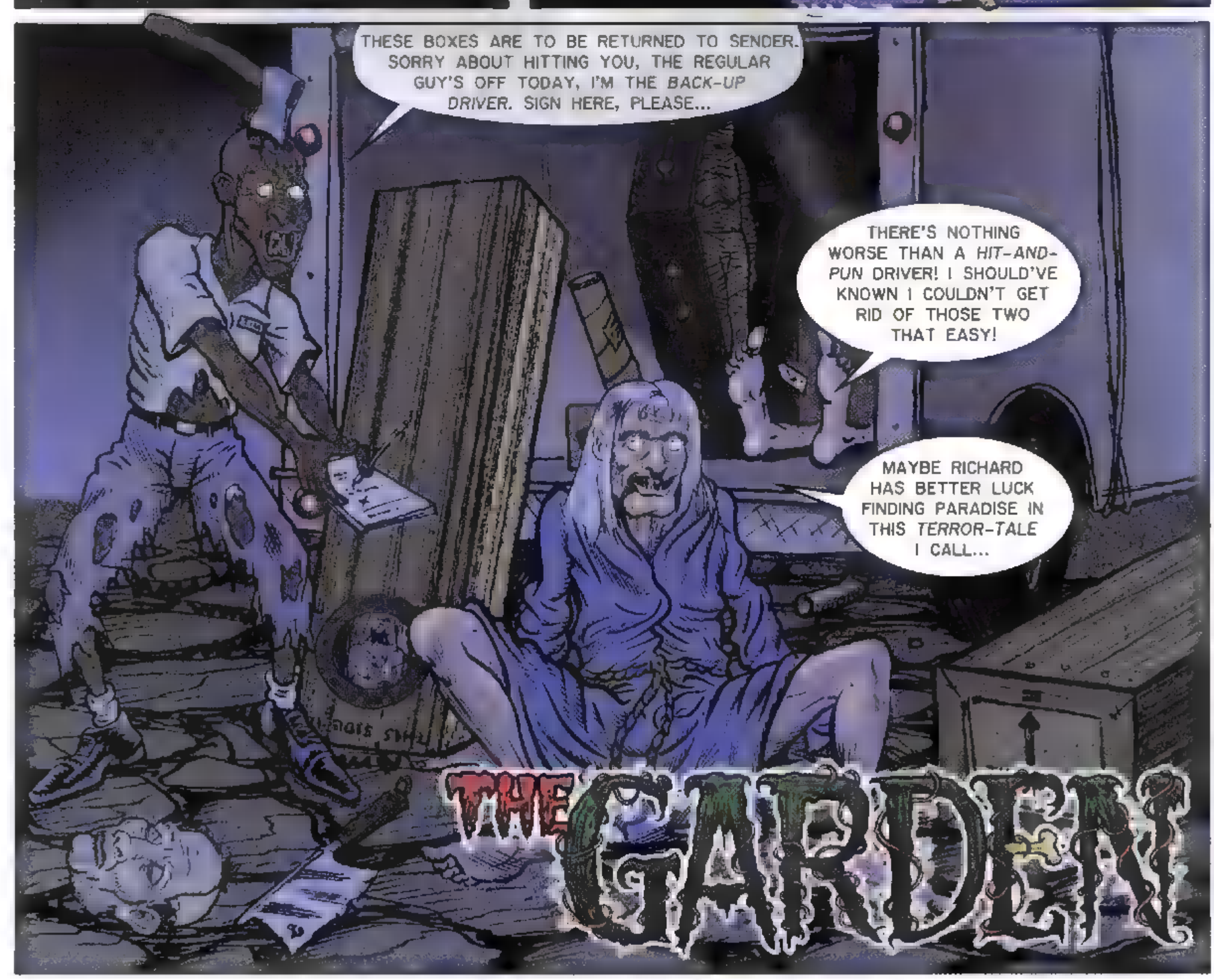
A MONTH GOES BY AND JAMES WINCHELL RE-TURNS TO HIS COMFORTABLE LIFE AND FANCY APARTMENT...


...BUT EACH MORNING HE RETURNS TO 666 COLT STREET TO FIX THE PLOTS, MORGUES AND CRYPTS.
EACH DAY THE LINE BLURS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE AS BOTH CARETAKER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD.

AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 IGER AVENUE AND 666 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CARETAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...
...BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.
WILLIS RENSIE RIP 1917 – 2000
LEW MESKIN
WILD RIDE

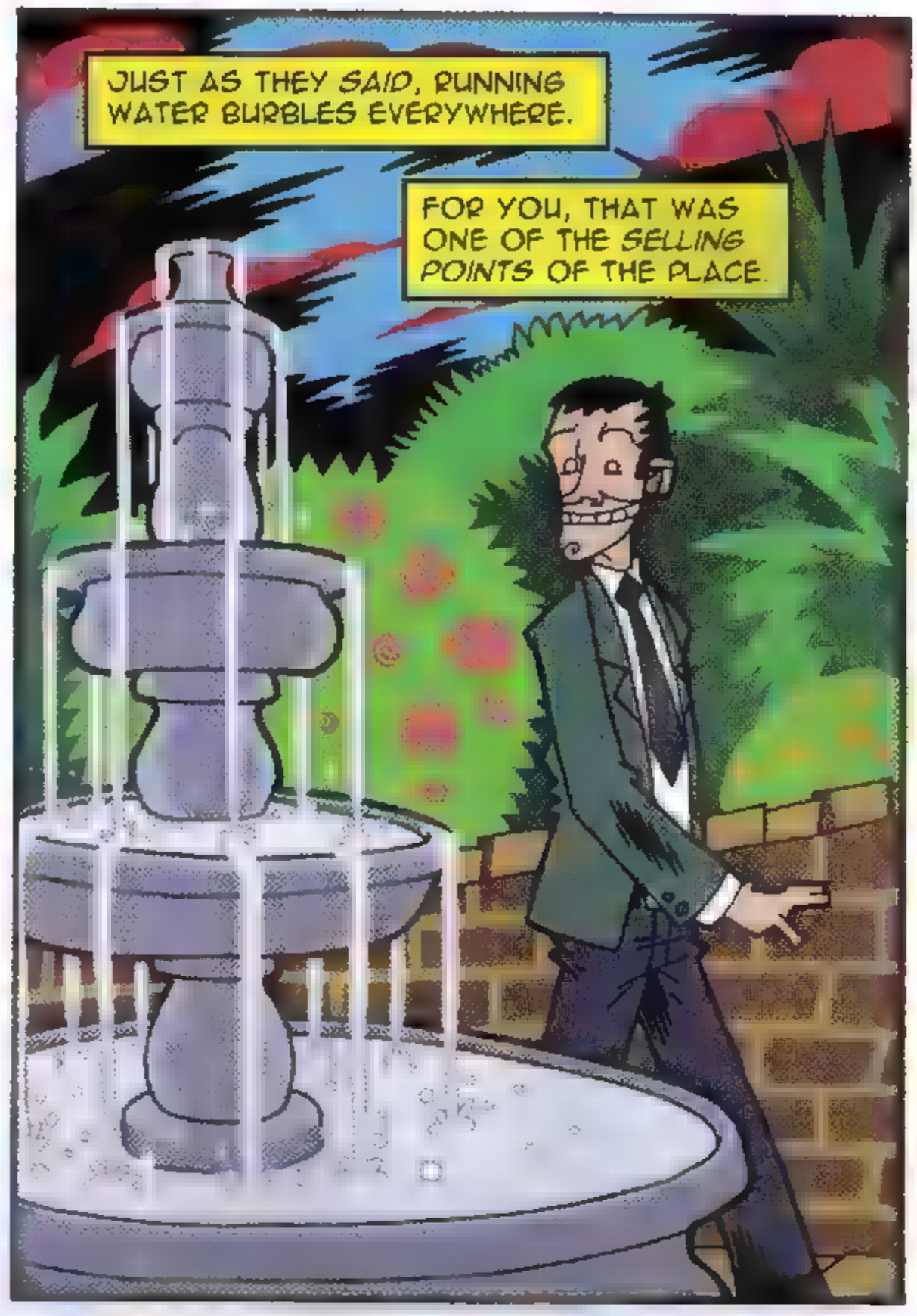

TOO BAD WINCHELL DIDN'T HAVE A CONSIDERATE TENANT LIKE MINE!
SEE, HE'S EVEN A *HEAD* IN THE RENT!
BEEP BEEP BEEP
KRUNK!
BEEP BEEP BEEP

WHAT THE *WERTHAM*--?!
Shreu
KLONK!

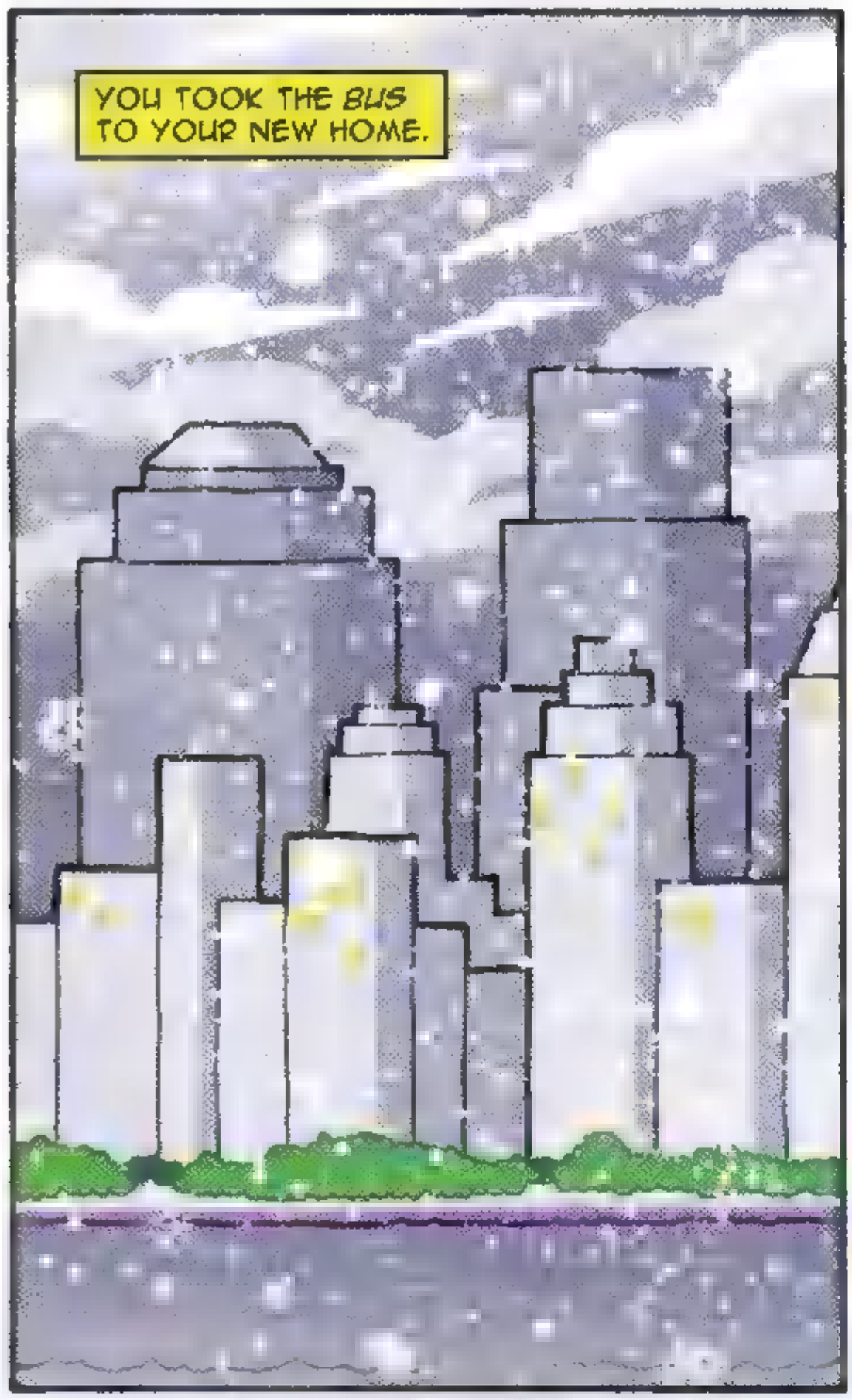

THESE BOXES ARE TO BE RETURNED TO SENDER. SORRY ABOUT HITTING YOU, THE REGULAR GUY'S OFF TODAY, I'M THE *BACK-UP DRIVER*. SIGN HERE, PLEASE...
THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN A *HIT-AND-PUN* DRIVER! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET RID OF THOSE TWO THAT EASY!
MAYBE RICHARD HAS BETTER LUCK FINDING PARADISE IN THIS *TERROR-TALE* I CALL...
THE GARDENT

THE GATE *DOESN'T CREAK* WHEN YOU OPEN IT. FOR SOME REASON THIS FACT LEAPS OUT AT YOU AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVE, DOESN'T IT, RICHARD?
THE HINGES ARE *WELL OILED*, A FRESH COAT OF PAINT *GLISTENS*, AND THERE'S NOT A SPOT OF RUST ON IT.
THE SWEETNESS OF *WILDFLOWERS* BOBBING IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR NOSE, THE CHIRPING OF TINY *SONG-BIRDS* COMFORTS YOUR EARS.
THE TREE BOUGHS, THEY DROOP WITH *FRUIT*...

...MORE SUCCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.
THICK CURLS OF GRAPEVINES SMOTHER THE SURROUNDING WALLS, RIPE FOR THE VINEYARD.


JUST AS THEY SAID, RUNNING WATER BURBLES EVERYWHERE.
FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE.

YES...EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS...
...EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.


YOU TOOK THE *BUS* TO YOUR NEW HOME.

YOU PACKED *LIGHTLY* FOR THE TRIP.

YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR *WEEKS*, MADE ALL OF THE *ARRANGEMENTS*, SET THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR *OLD* LIFE IN *ORDER*...
BUS STOP

...BUT STILL, WHEN THE MOMENT OF EMBAR-KATION WAS SET RIGHT *BEFORE* YOU, WHERE YOU COULD *SEE* IT PLAIN...

...YOU HESITATED.

WHO WOULDN'T?
C'MON, MAN, I'M BEHIND SCHEDULE AS IT IS.
IN OR OUT?

BUT YOUR MOMENT OF HESITATION WAS ONLY THAT.

A MOMENT.

OF COURSE, YOU WERE IN.
HOW COULD YOU NOT BE...

...KNOWING THIS WAS YOUR DESTINATION?
RICHARD.
AT LAST YOU'VE COME, RICHARD.
WE'RE SO GLAD TO FINALLY MEET YOU, RICHARD

SERVANTS! AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL ONES, AT THAT.

YOU'VE HAD SUCH A LONG JOURNEY *GETTING* HERE, RICHARD, LET ME MASSAGE YOUR FEET.

NO *FAIR!* I WANTED HIS *FEET*. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE *SHOULDERS*.

IT'D BE AN *HONOR* TO POUR YOU SOME *WINE*, RICHARD.

IN YOUR *OLD* LIFE, YOU *NEVER* COULD HAVE AFFORDED SERVANTS.

BUT ALL THAT TOIL AND UNCERTAINTY IS FINALLY *BEHIND* YOU!

FROM NOW ON, EACH MOMENT TO THE NEXT WILL BE FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT...

...LUXURY?

AAAAH!!
WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, RICHARD?
AM I NOT HITTING THE RIGHT SPOT?

DID YOU NOT LIKE YOUR WINE, RICHARD?
I'M SO DISAPPOINTED.
SO VERY, VERY DISAPPOINTED.

JUST HOLD STILL, RICHARD--
--AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT CRICK IN YOUR NECK FOR YOU!
NO--
NO!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP! YOU WORK FOR ME!
I--I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!!

>GASP!< >CHOKE!<
IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE ROOM, RICHARD!
THE ONLY WAY!

THAT IS...
THAT'S IT, RICHARD. KEEP GIVING US ORDERS.
KEEP BOSSING US AROUND. WE LOVE IT, RICHARD.
YES, WE LOVE IT.
...UNLESS YOU COUNT THIS ONE.

DIDN'T *THINK* SO!

IT'S EVEN *MORE* PAINFUL THAN YOU *THOUGHT* IT WAS GOING TO BE, WHICH YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE.
JAGGED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING...

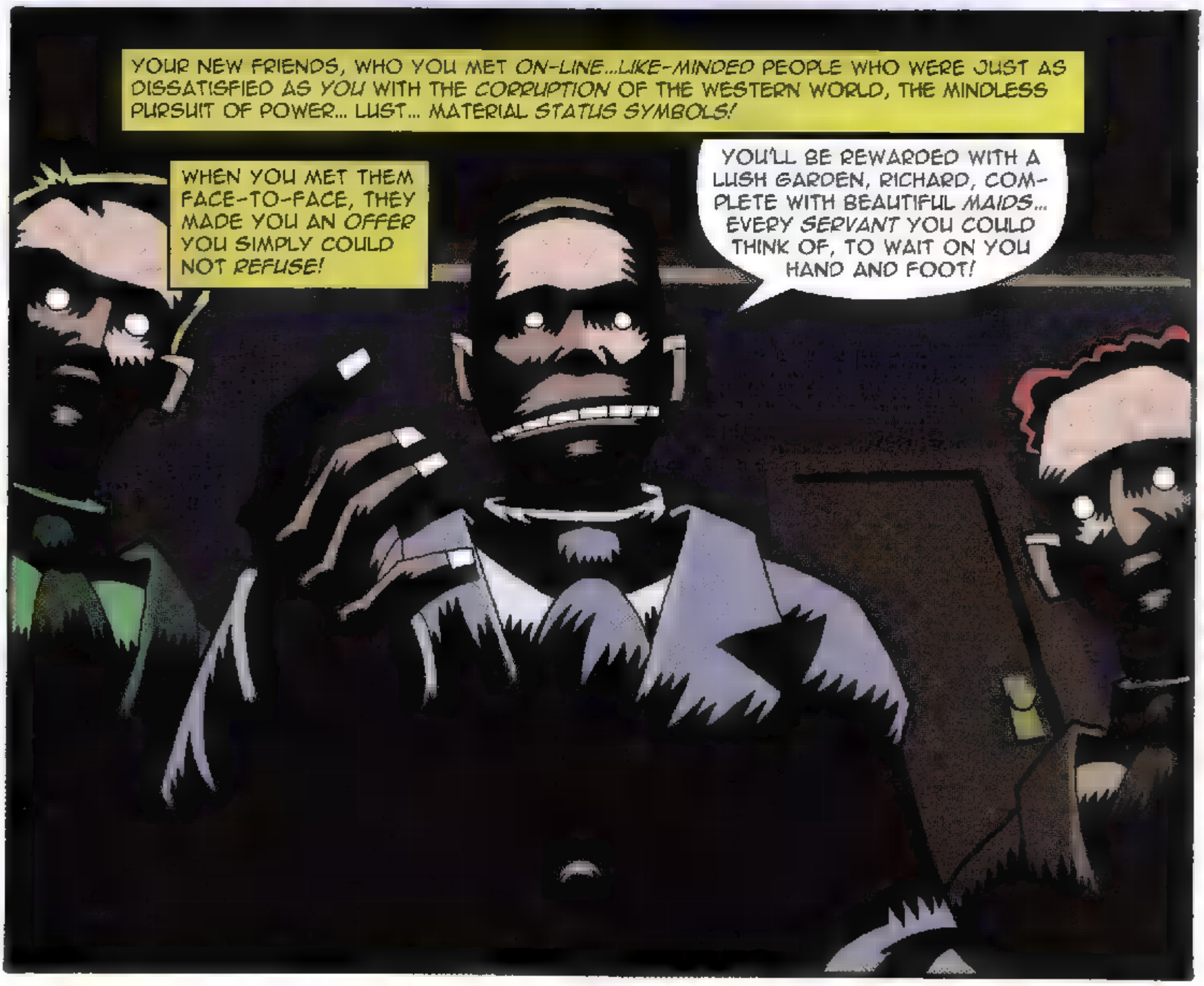
YOUR THROBBING FEET *SLIP* AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN *SLICKNESS* OF THE FLOOR!
YOUR PURSUERS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT SO *HINDERED*.

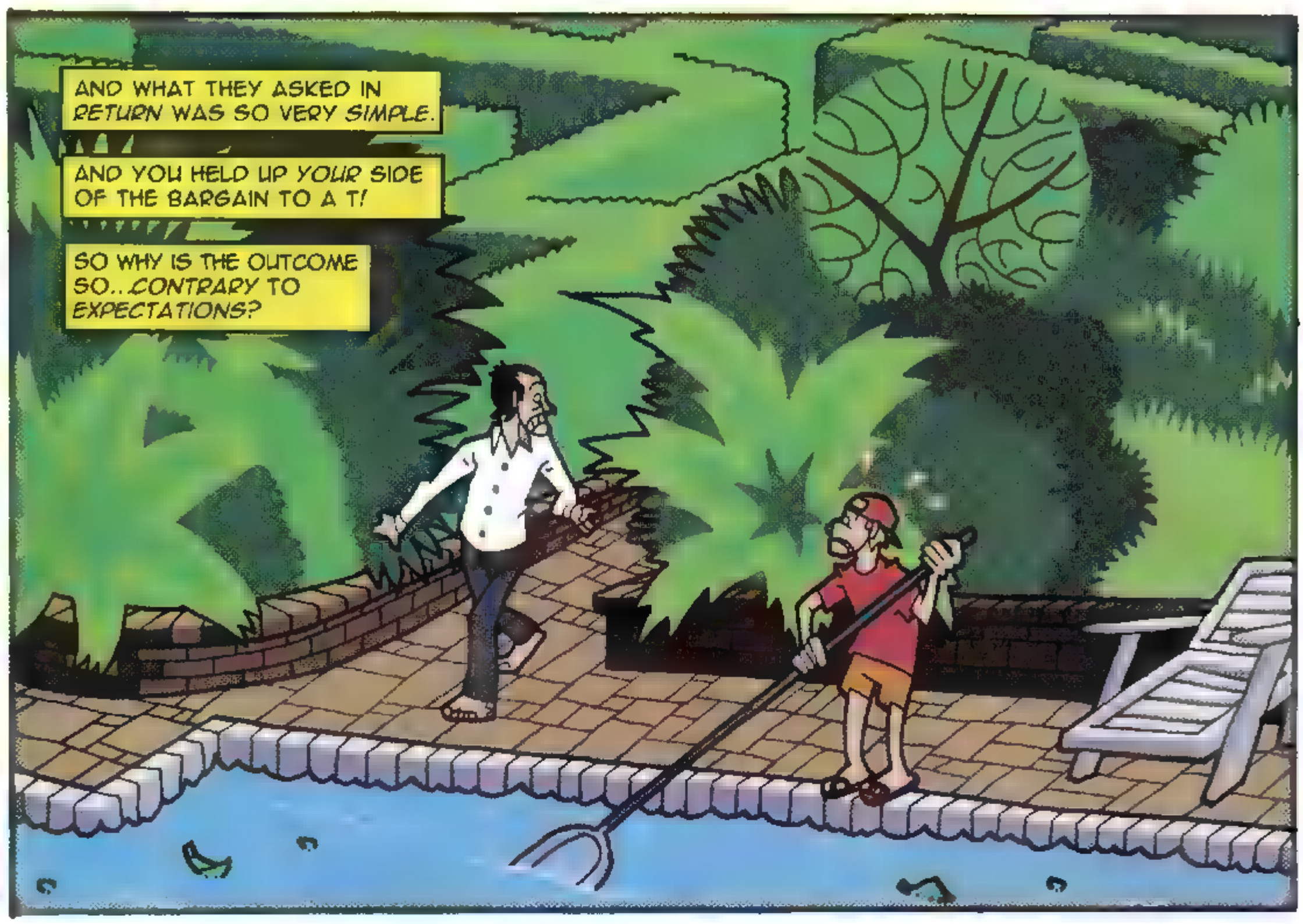
THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR *BREATH*, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS RIGHT *BEHIND* YOU!
KEEP *RUNNING*, RICHARD!!
DON'T STOP...

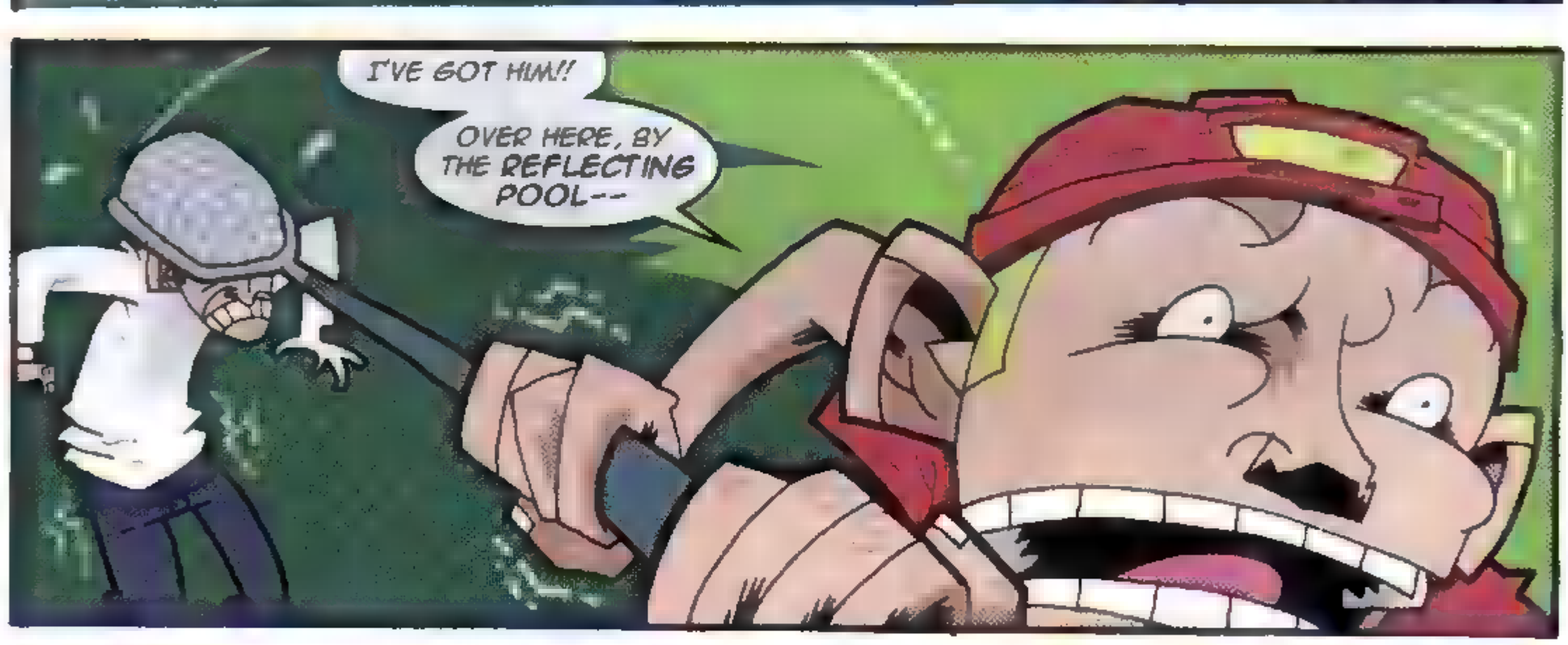
...UNTIL YOU FIND HELP!
PLEASE, I'M THE NEW MASTER OF THIS PLACE, I NEED YOU TO HELP ME.
THE MAIDS HAVE GONE INSANE! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!
ARE THEY, NOW?
WELL, THAT IS A REAL SHAME...
...THE "TRYING" PART, THAT IS!
AAAH!

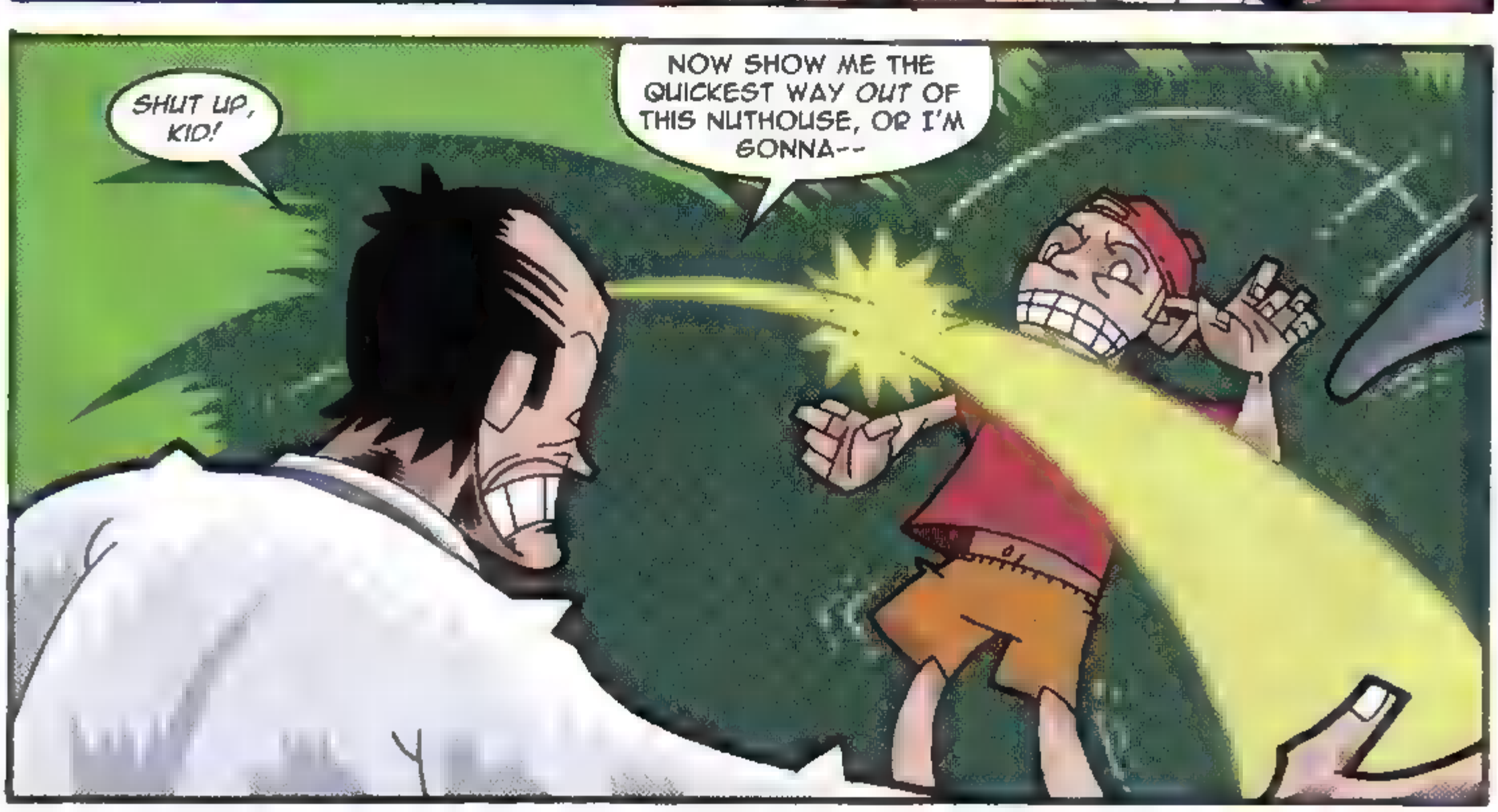
THIS
SHOULDN'T
BE
HAPPENING!!

IT'S NOT FAIR!
THIS ISN'T WHAT THEY TOLD YOU YOU'D FIND HERE WHEN YOU SIGNED UP!


YOUR NEW FRIENDS, WHO YOU MET ON-LINE...LIKE-MINDED PEOPLE WHO WERE JUST AS DISSATISFIED AS YOU WITH THE CORRUPTION OF THE WESTERN WORLD, THE MINDLESS PURSUIT OF POWER... LUST... MATERIAL STATUS SYMBOLS!
WHEN YOU MET THEM FACE-TO-FACE, THEY MADE YOU AN OFFER YOU SIMPLY COULD NOT REFUSE!
YOU'LL BE REWARDED WITH A LUSH GARDEN, RICHARD, COMPLETE WITH BEAUTIFUL MAIDS... EVERY SERVANT YOU COULD THINK OF, TO WAIT ON YOU HAND AND FOOT!


AND WHAT THEY ASKED IN RETURN WAS SO VERY SIMPLE.
AND YOU HELD UP YOUR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN TO A T!
SO WHY IS THE OUTCOME SO..CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS?


I'VE GOT HIM!!
OVER HERE, BY THE REFLECTING POOL--


SHUT UP, KID!
NOW SHOW ME THE QUICKEST WAY OUT OF THIS NUTHOUSE, OR I'M GONNA--

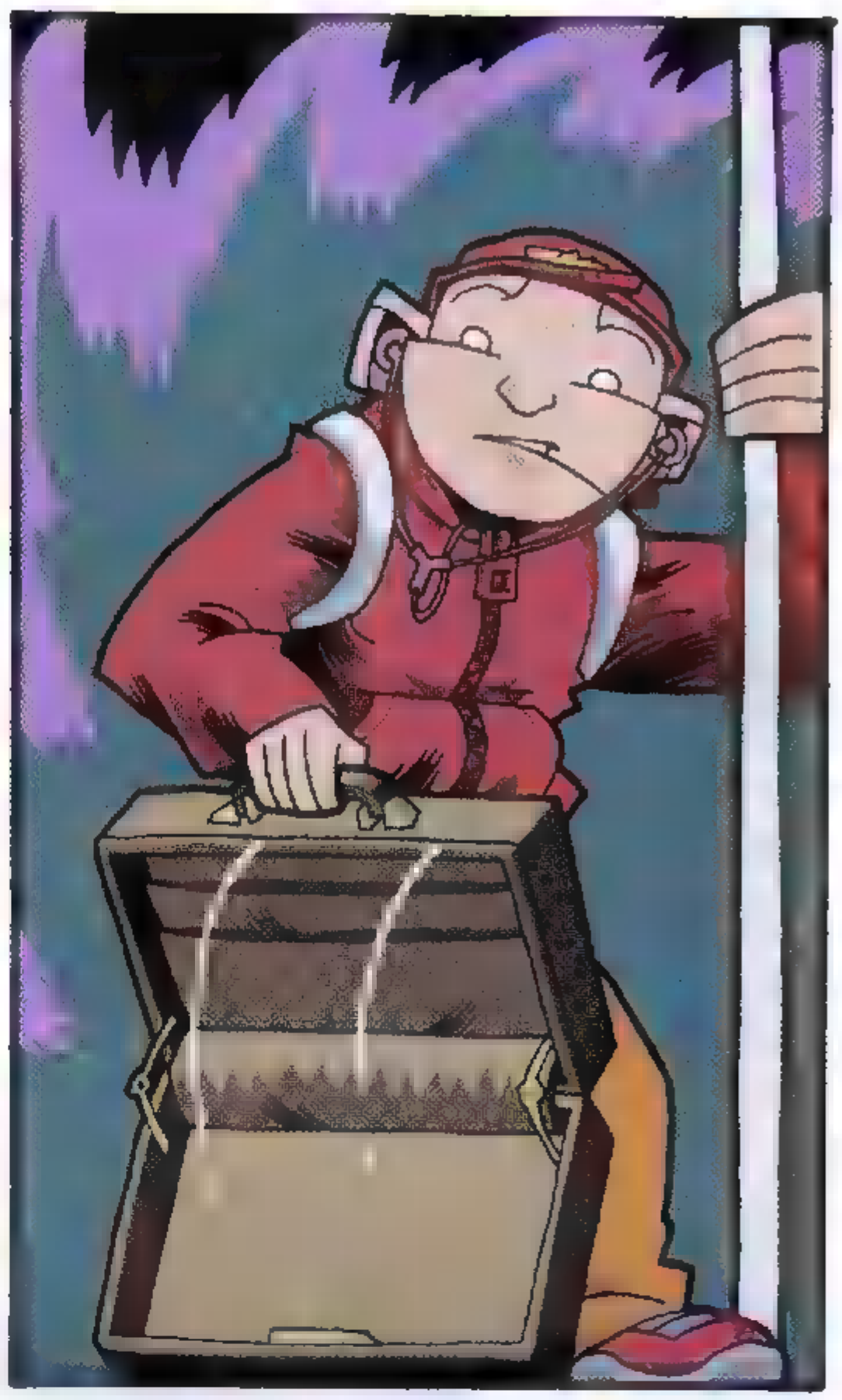
...GONNA...
HE LOOKS ... HE LOOKS *FAMILIAR* SOMEHOW.

BUT HOW CAN THAT *BE*?

DID YOU SEE HIM ON THE RIDE *OVER* HERE, PERHAPS?

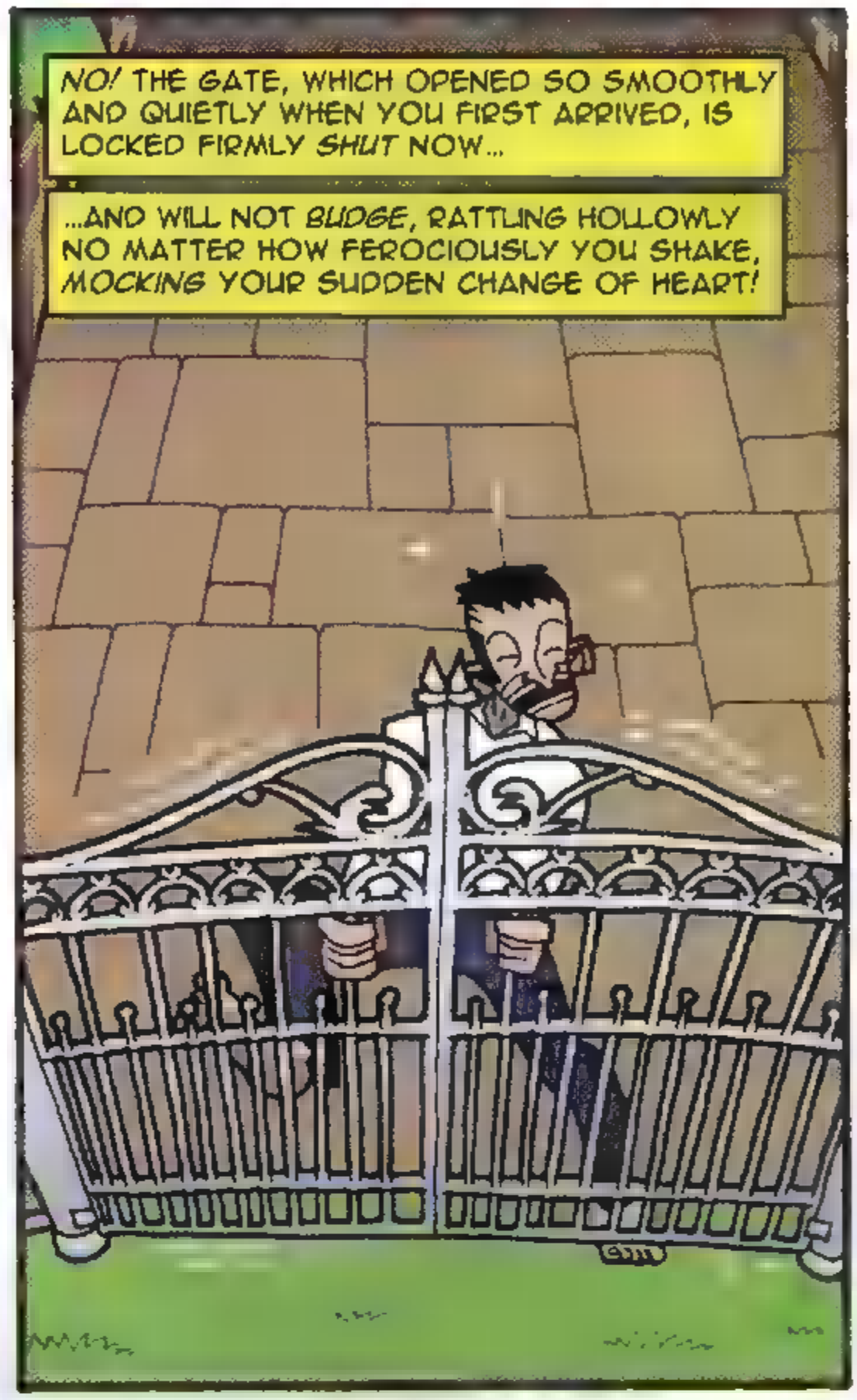
BUT IT'S NOT *POSSIBLE* THAT HE GOT HERE *BEFORE* YOU.

IS IT?

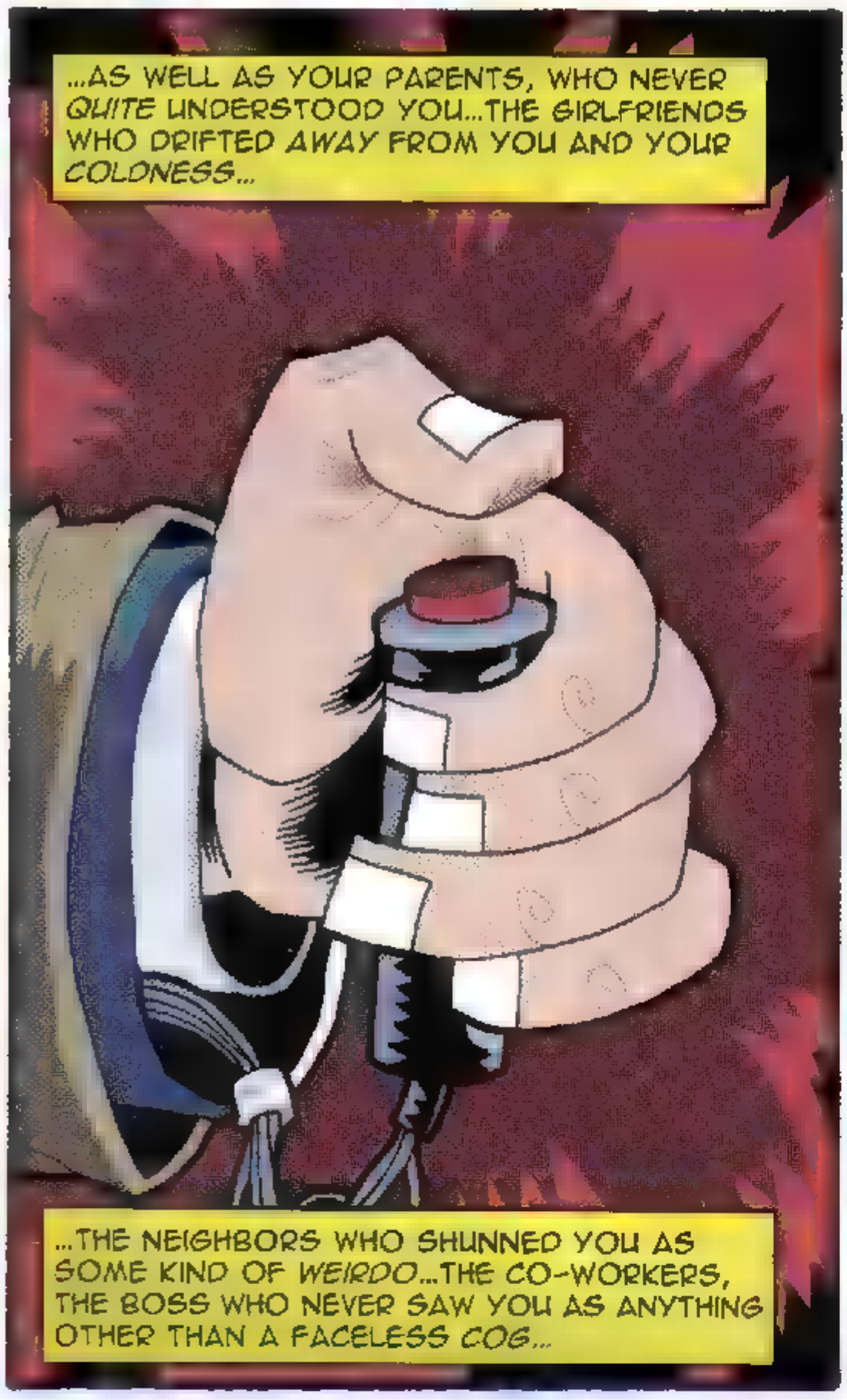


YES...IT'S SINKING IN, NOW, ISN'T IT, RICHARD?
HOW CRUELLY YOU WERE DECEIVED?

ESCAPE! THAT'S ALL THAT BURNS IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!
YOUR DREAMS OF LUXURY--FORGOTTEN!
PAST GLORIES--CRUMBLED INTO DUST!


NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW...
...AND WILL NOT BUDGE, RATTLING HOLLOWLY NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE, MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!

YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU, RICHARD?
NO...YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED YOU MAKE THE VIDEO THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE ONE WHERE YOU TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...


...AS WELL AS YOUR PARENTS, WHO NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD YOU...THE GIRLFRIENDS WHO DRIFTED AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR COLDNESS...
...THE NEIGHBORS WHO SHUNNED YOU AS SOME KIND OF WEIRDO...THE CO-WORKERS, THE BOSS WHO NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FACELESS COG...

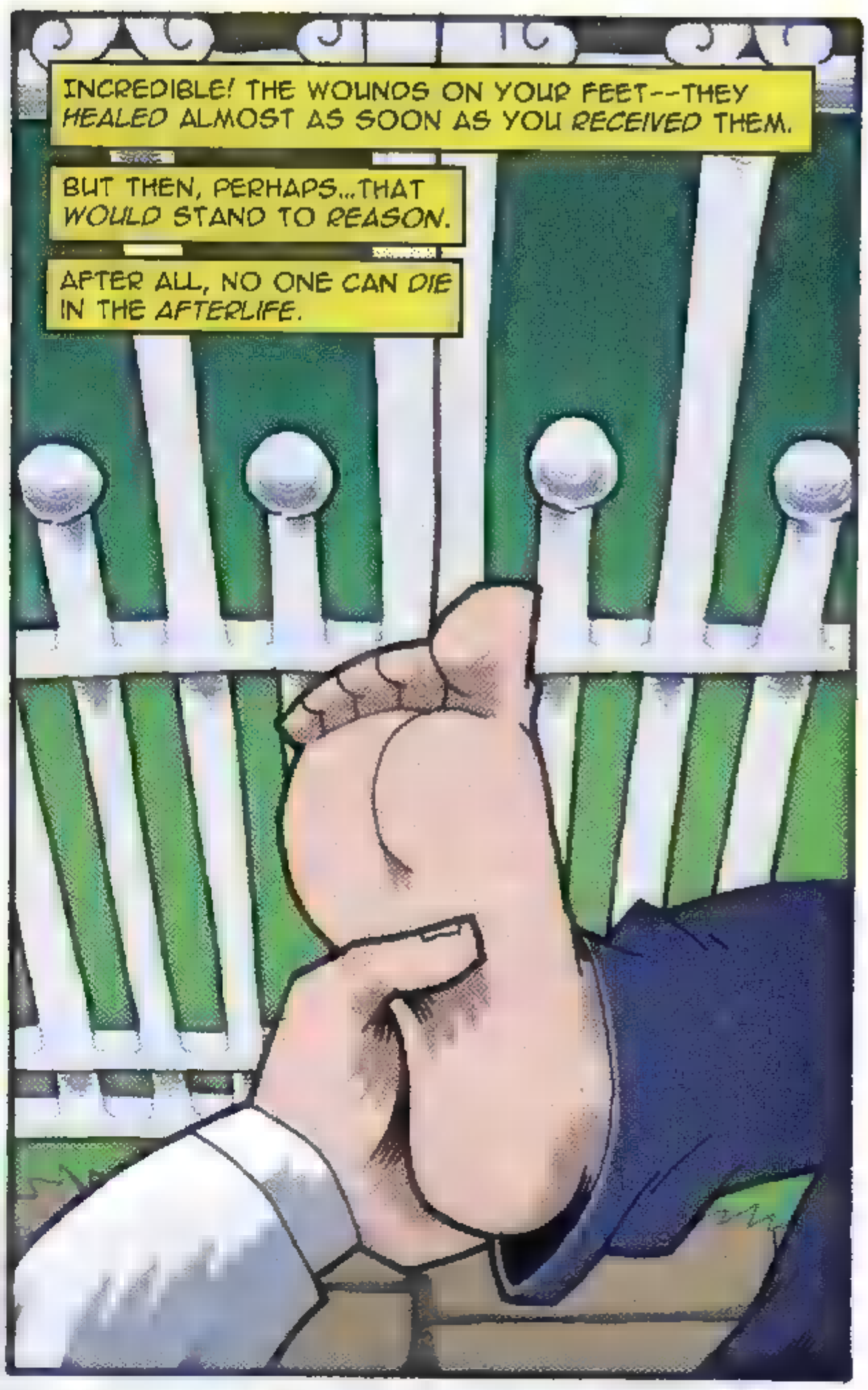
...ALL THE WAY UP TO THE POLITICIANS AND THE GENERALS, THEIR HANDS DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS...
...THE PURVEYORS OF SMUT THAT PASSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT THESE DAYS...
...YOU TOLD THEM ALL IN YOUR VIDEO, DIDN'T YOU, RICHARD? YOU TOLD THEM THE COMMITMENT YOU HAD MADE!

SO YOU COULDN'T LET YOURSELF BE ARRESTED, NOW COULD YOU, BEFORE YOUR TASK WAS COMPLETED? WITH THAT VIDEO AS CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FAILURE?
THE HUMILIATION WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE--

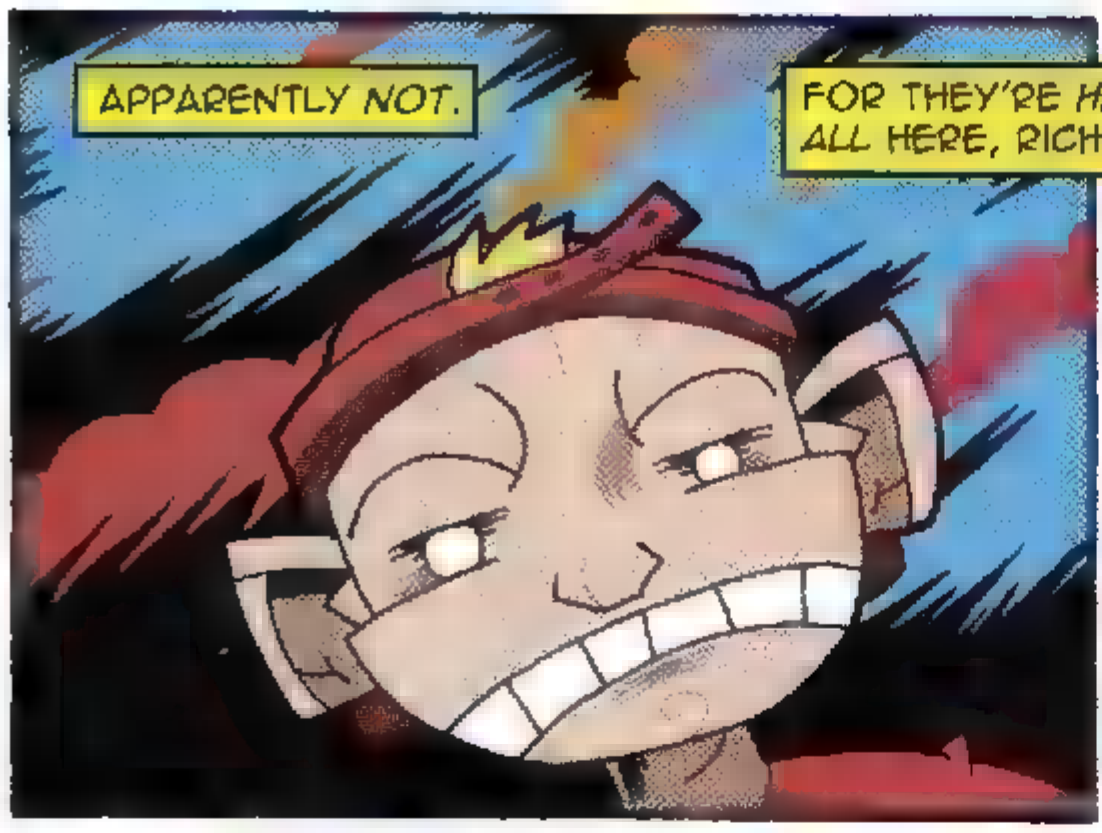
--THE SHAME THAT YOU HAD BOTCHED THE ONE, SIMPLE DUTY YOUR NEW FRIENDS, YOUR FELLOW WARRIORS HAD ENTRUSTED YOU WITH--

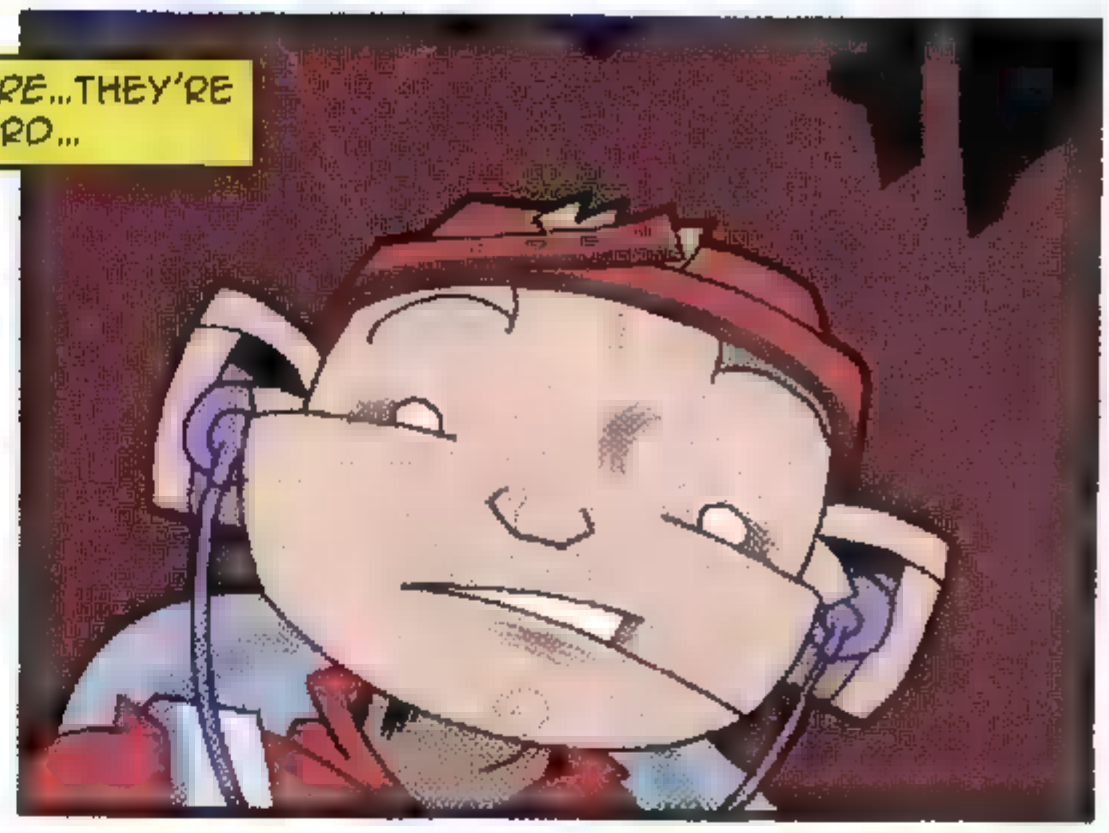
--TO BECOME A SUICIDE BOMBER!

NO...IT'S NOT FAIR...
...THEY SAID...IF I DID WHAT THEY SAID...I'D GAIN...AUTOMATIC ENTRY...
...INTO PARADISE...

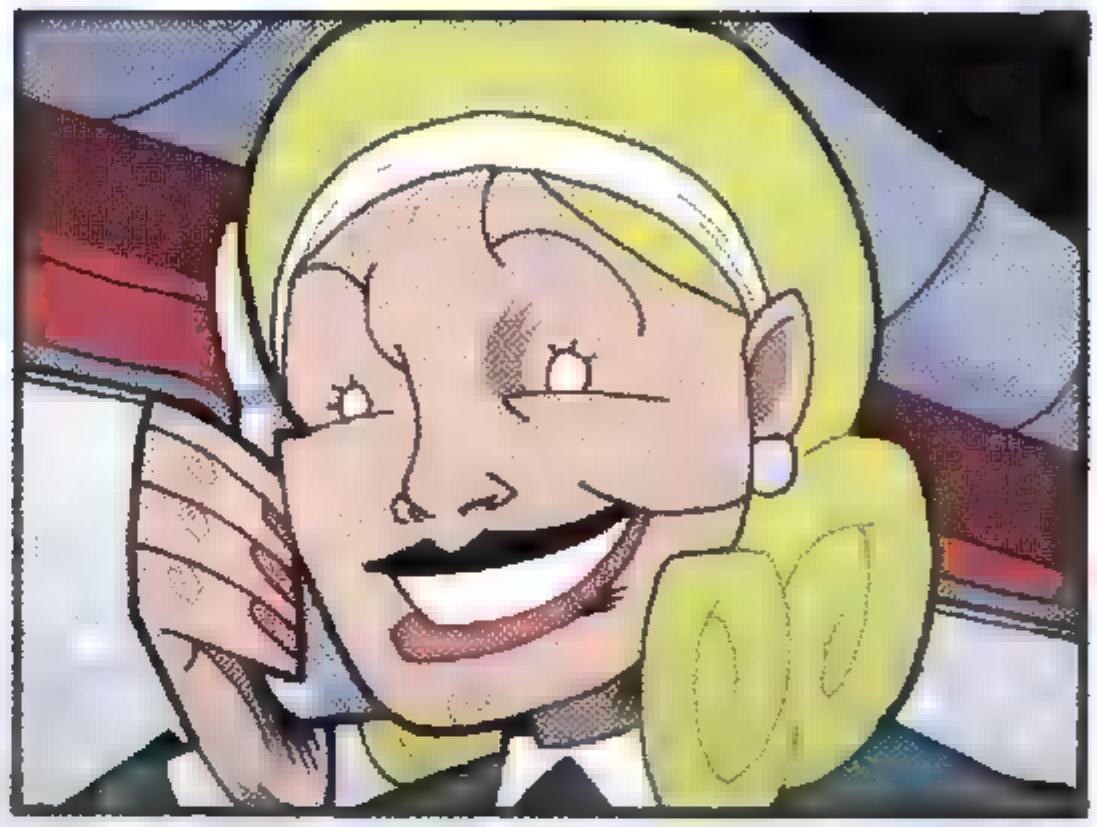

INCREDIBLE! THE WOUNDS ON YOUR FEET--THEY HEALED ALMOST AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVED THEM.
BUT THEN, PERHAPS...THAT WOULD STAND TO REASON.
AFTER ALL, NO ONE CAN DIE IN THE AFTERLIFE.

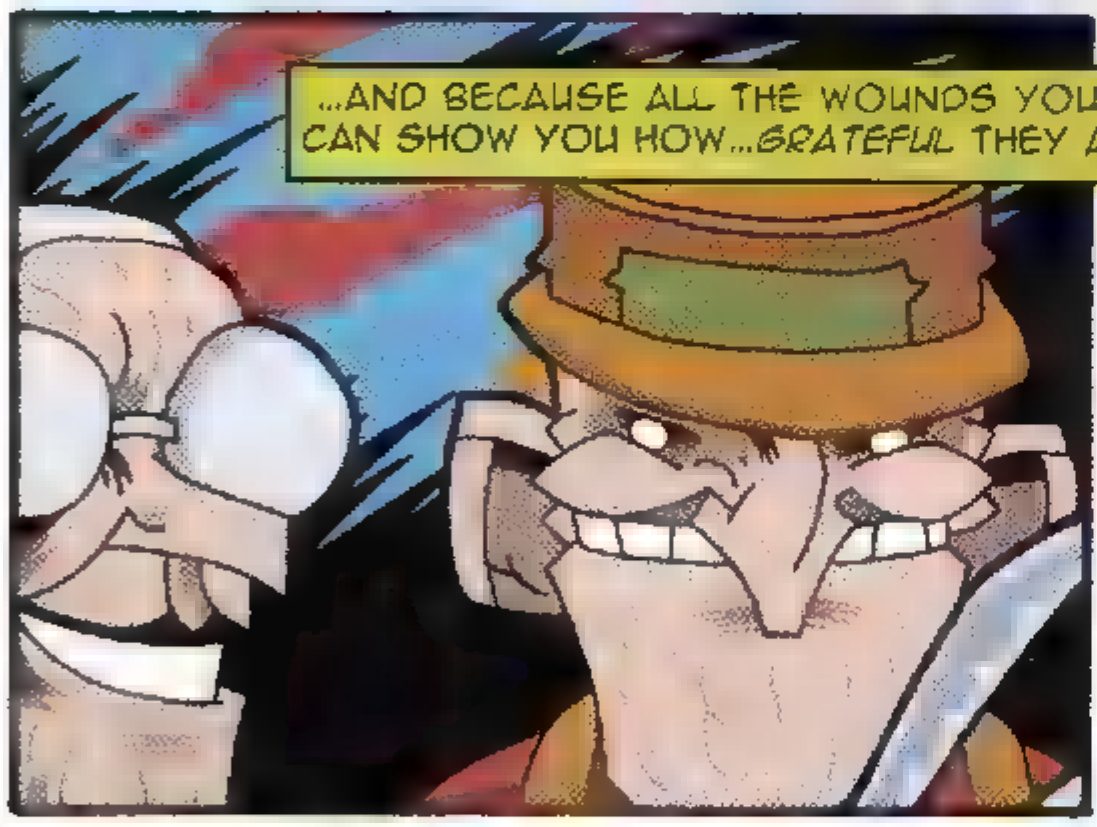
FOR THE AFTERLIFE IS WHAT THIS IS.
BUT PARADISE?

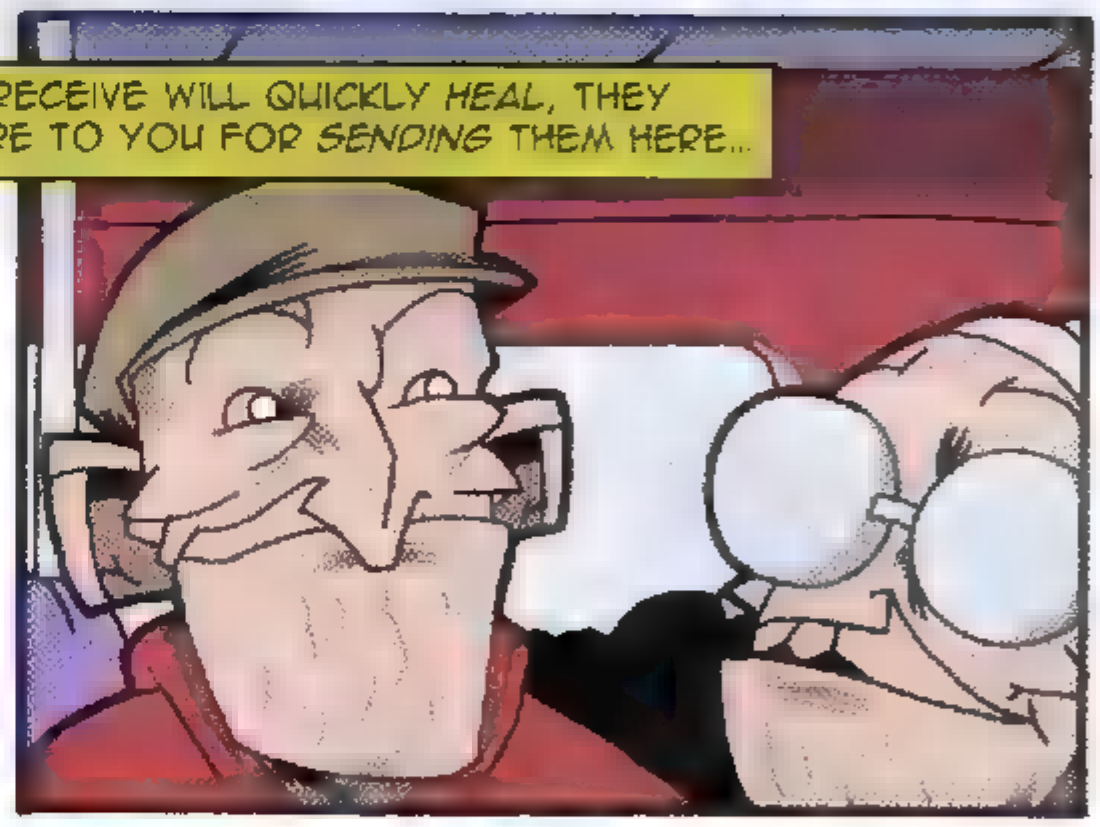

APPARENTLY NOT.

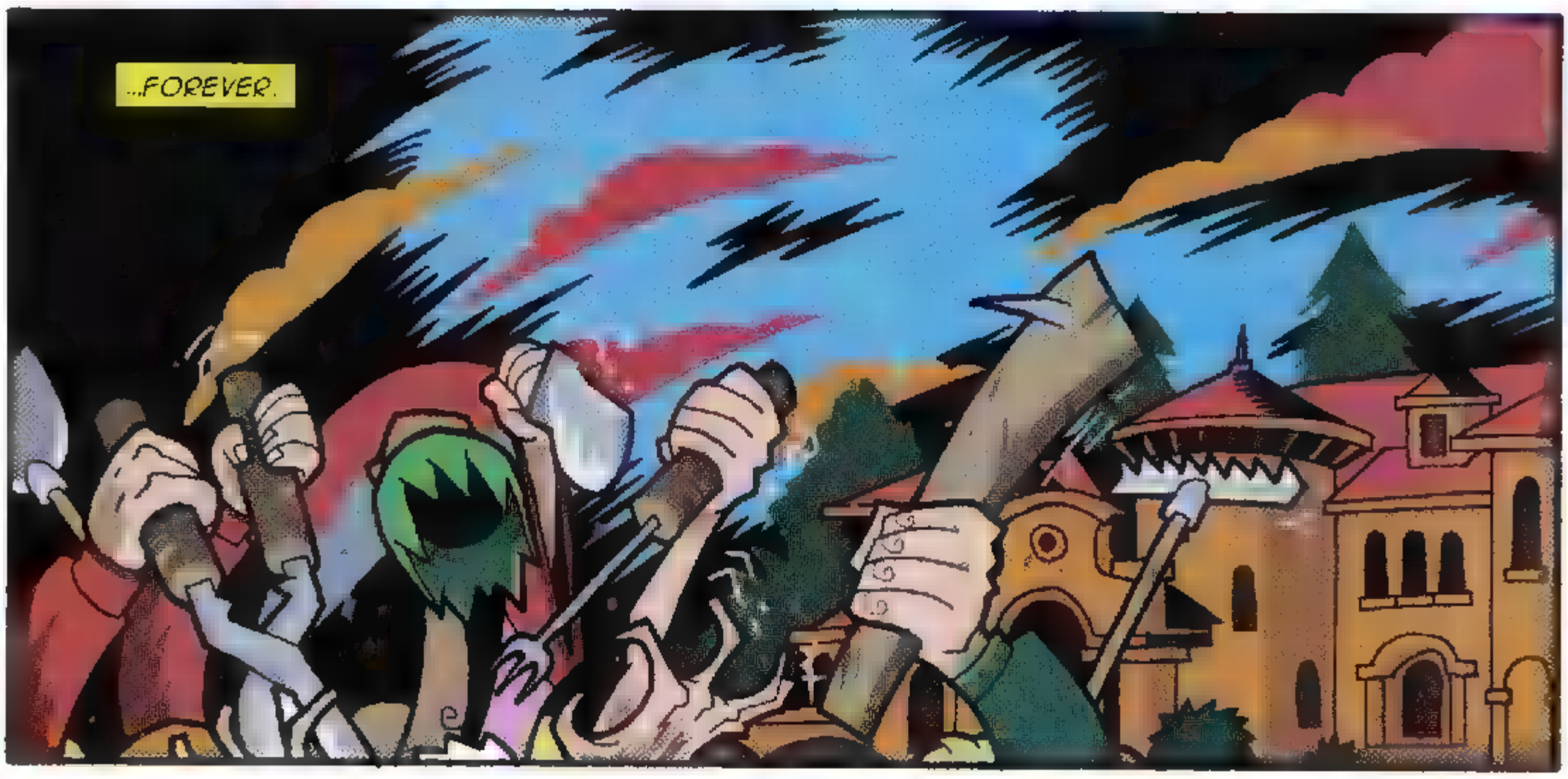

FOR THEY'RE HERE...THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD...

...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD...




...AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW...GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE...




...FOREVER.

POOR RICHARD—GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR! BUT I ALWAYS DELIVER ON MY PROMISES! HERE'S THE VIEW I PROMISED MY TENANTS...
SHE'S BRINGING SCARY BACK!
IS THAT A BOMB YOU'RE WEARING OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?
TIME FOR THESE SEWER-SIDE EMBALMERS TO GO BACK TO THEIR TOMBS! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON!

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Greetings, kiddies, welcome to a quaint space-filling tradition called... a LETTERS PAGE. Nowadays, all we get in the mail are bills and ANTHRAX! Back in the day, fans sent letters opining on our terror yarns, and ranked which ones they liked and feared most! Well, "THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER" is back and open for business! Let's start with a couple of initial responses to the online preview of "Body of Work" by Marc Bilgrey and Mr. Exes...

Subject: TFTC art!?

Wow, after seeing the art examples for your new Tales from the Crypt comic, all I can say is, "OUCH!" I am not commenting on the writing, as the art kept me from taking the time to read any of it. Perhaps you are trying to market this to young kids who have never come in contact with the original comics and reprints.

Regardless.... all of the EC FanAddicts I have heard from feel that this stuff is really hard to look at. I have only seen the one artist that you have featured, and if this is the best you can come up with after being in the comics business for decades.... I suggest you go to the San Diego Comic Con and try to hire some "real" horror artist. Tomb Tales put out a similar product.... covers by real EC artists and interior pages that were hit and miss. It was a massive failure.

I can't say if you will do well with your product, but if you are counting on true EC fans to buy this stuff, you will probably be disappointed unless you invest in better art. The current art is too childish and the colorist should be painting circus wagons. Horror can be funny, but it needs to look scary.

Respectfully disappointed,
Bill Leach, Editor/publisher
Horror From The Crypt Of Fear

So, Billy, you're not planning to join the Mr. Exes Fan Club, are you?

Subject: Thanks for ruining one of the greatest horror comics of all time!

This has to be a joke, right? I was very much looking forward to the Tales from the Crypt comic. I looked at the preview art for the book and it's safe to say you destroyed any chance on it being redeeming. I won't be supporting this and I am quite angry another company didn't pick it up. What demographic are you trying to cater too?? Absurd!!!!!!!

Phil Kozla

Why, we want our demon graphics to appeal to all demographics, Phil! Now let's hear from some dead-heads who actually bought our premiere Papercutz monsterpiece...

Subject: Great To See Tales From The Crypt Is Back.... From The Dead

Hey all, I must say I was ecstatic to hear that Tales From The Crypt was being resurrected for a whole new generation to enjoy. I, being a child of the 80's, was not able to enjoy the Crypt's initial run. I was only able to read reprints and watch the television series. That's why when I picked up my first issue of Tales From The Crypt I had a gleam of hope in my eye. I was going to read a Tales From The Crypt that hardly anyone had read yet. Whereas with the reprints nothing was new and exciting anymore because it had been poorly imitated numerous times over. It's just great knowing there is going to be new stories coming from my favorite ghoul, the Crypt-Keeper. Keep up the good work!

Pat
Lockport,IL

Thanks, Pat, for your kind thoughts!

Subject: Tales from the Crypt

Hey and howdy. Just wanted to shoot you a quick double thumbs up on the release of Tales From The Crypt Issue #1 this week. Loved it. Absolutely, wholeheartedly loved it. Takes me back to the good old days of the original series. I had never gotten the opportunity to read them when they were released "live," but I certainly picked them up when I found out about them in later years. During my formative educational "hey, comics are cool" years.

How much did I love this issue? Well, I wrote a review and posted it online:
http://notd.permutedpress.com/index.php?/archives/37-Tales-From-The-Crypt-Issue-1-pub-Papercutz.html

Hope you like it.

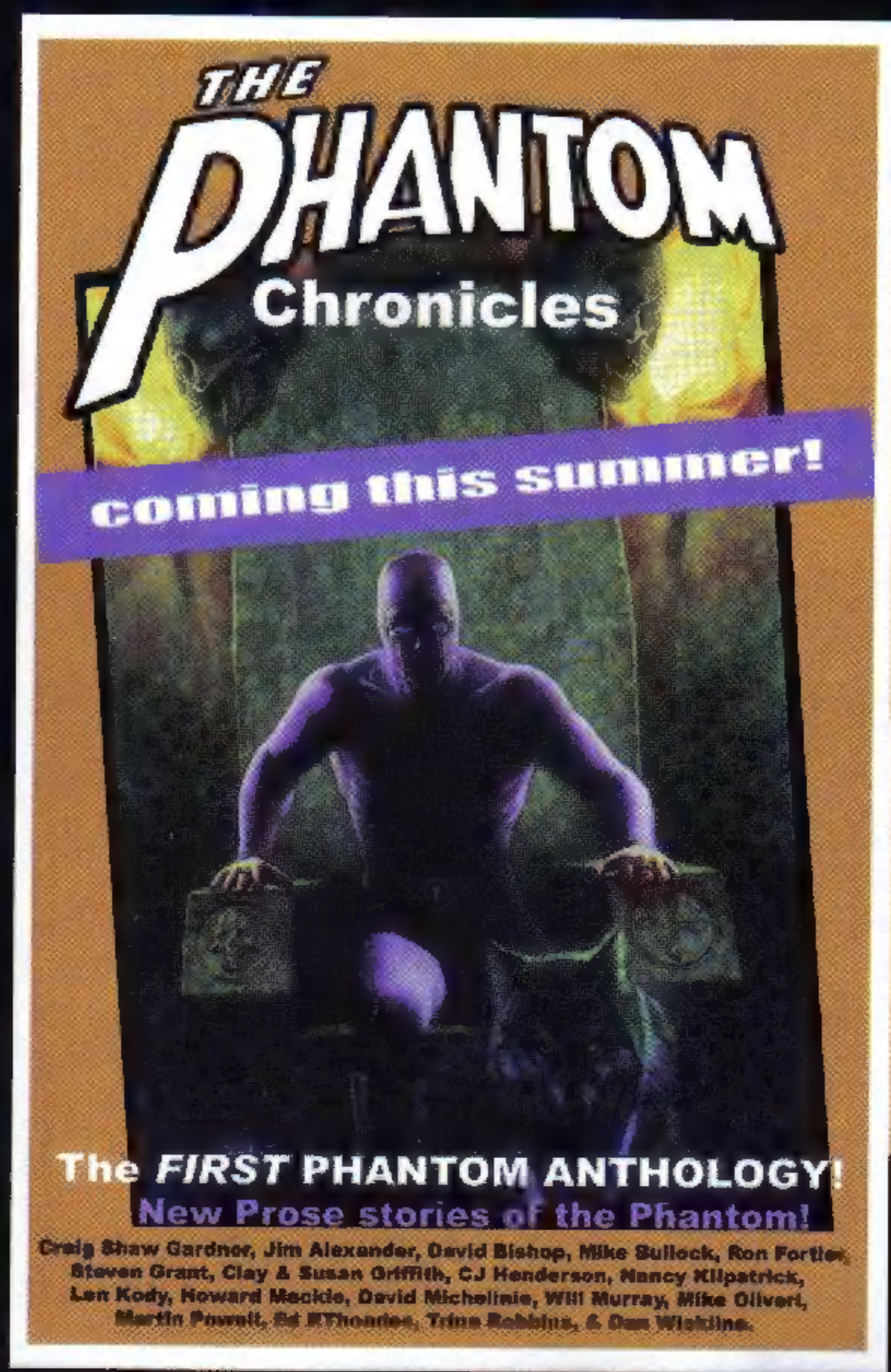
Zombie Zak

Love us or hate us, thanks to everyone who took the time and trouble to write us! Now tell us what you thought of our sickly sinister second issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your crazed commentaries to our egomaniacal editor at: salicrup@papercutz.com.

That's all for now! Don't miss TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3-for more misunderstood madness and possibly even...a lunatic letter from YOU!



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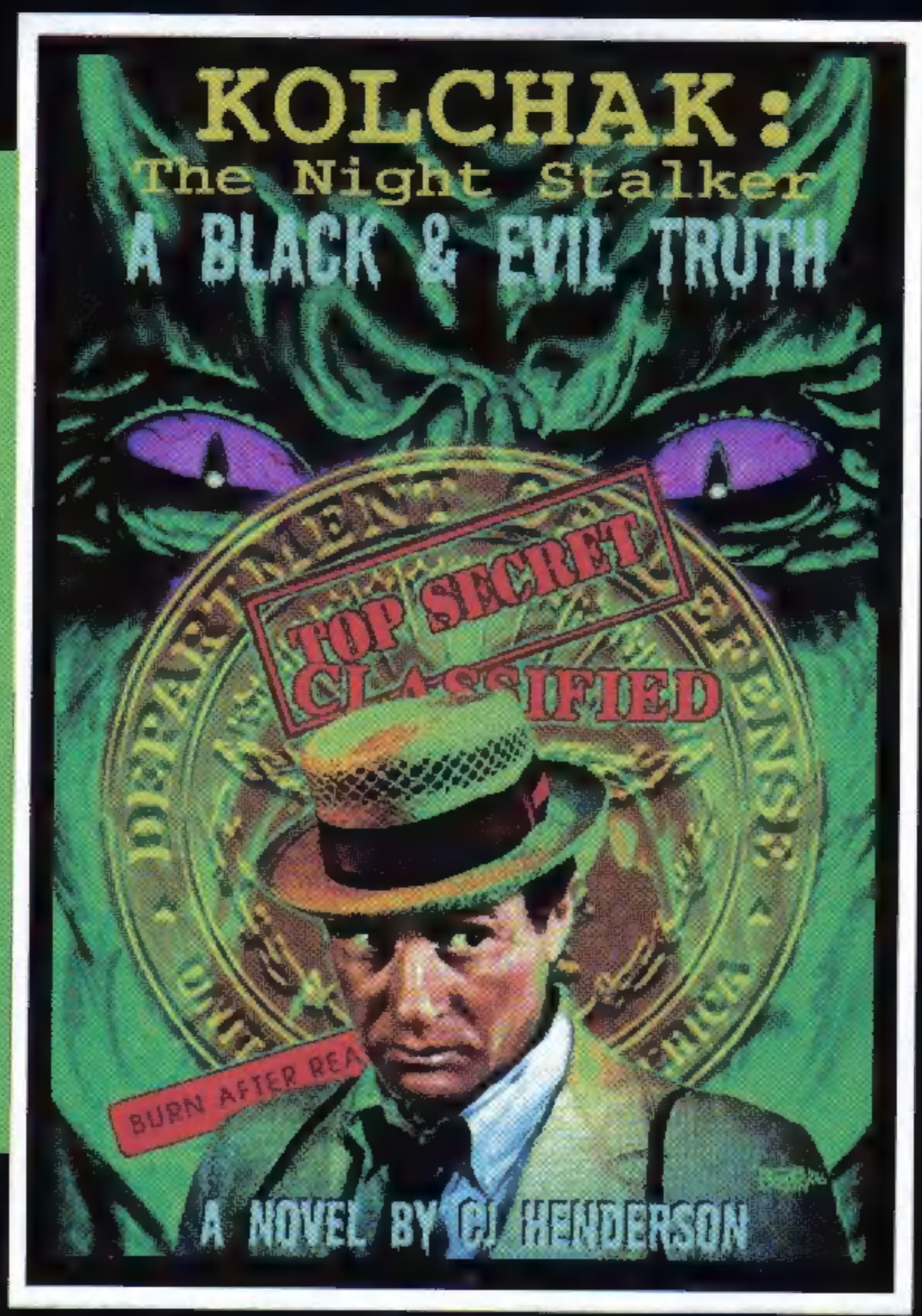

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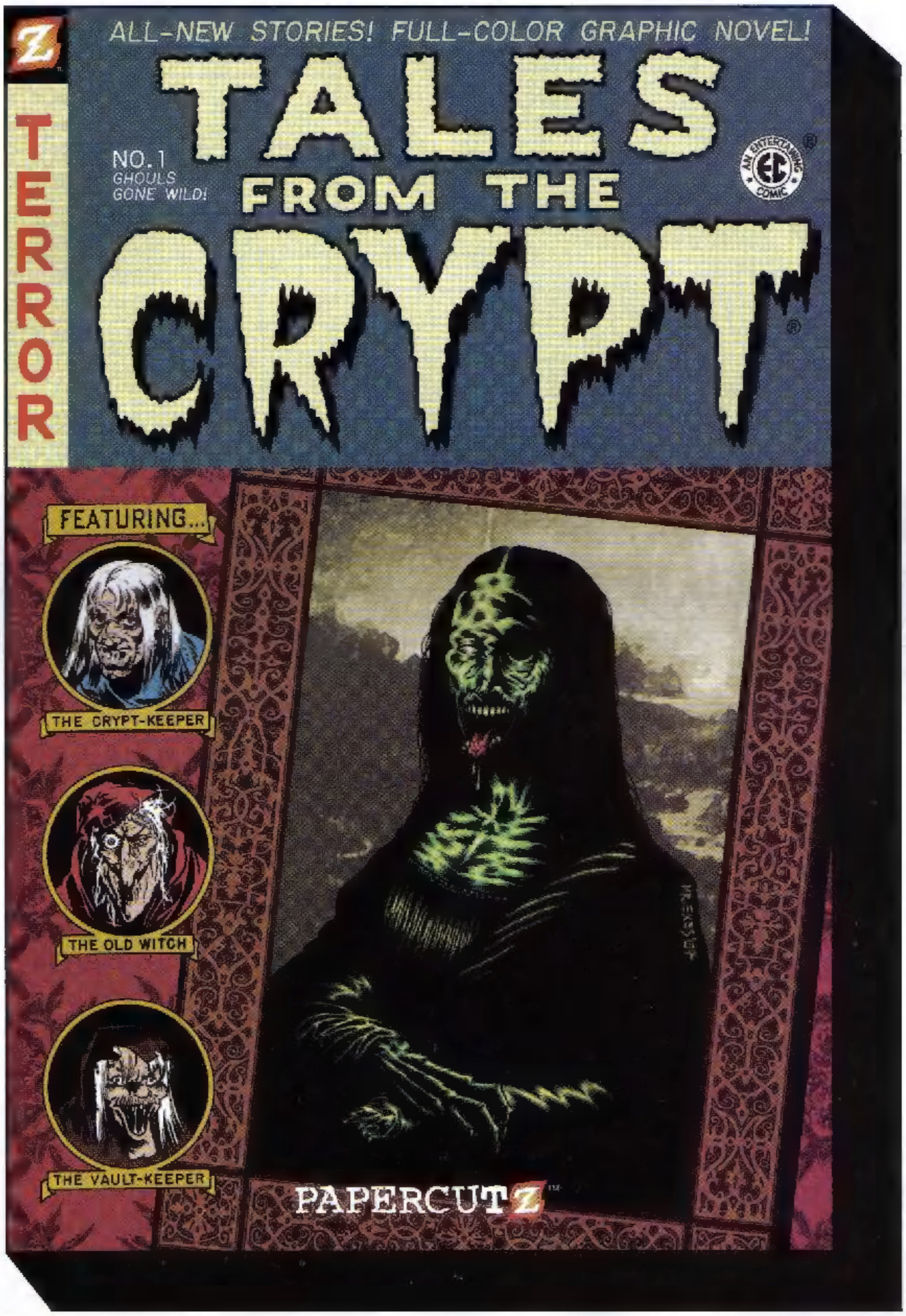
E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
SO HERE IT IS! THE COLLECTION!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!



PAPERCUTZ

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